

TWO DOZEN VICTIMS.

Sanguinary Results of an Unhappy Corsican Romance.

Rejected Suitor Visits His Wrath on the Family of the Girl Who Was Deceived to Him—Not a Popular Outlaw.

A bandit among bandits was Jean Baptiste Tramonì Brico. On the evening of May 12 last Brico left the house of an aunt in the village of Borivoli, Corsica, to return to the mountains. Behind a wall, 30 feet away, were hidden a dozen of his enemies. They fired a volley and Brico's career was brought to an end.

Brico was a true hero of romance in that he was urged to his course of wickedness by an unfortunate love affair. He was born in 1869, the son of poor peasants whose wealth was a few sheep. He was brought up like other boys in his district, was a hardy, muscular fellow, and when he joined the colors for his term of service he was one of the best recruits of the year.

When he went into the army he left behind him a sweetheart, one Josephine Tramonì, who promised to marry him at the end of his service, which would be three years later, or 1892. Returning then to Corsica to get his bride he met immediately an unexpected obstacle. In other words, while Josephine was more than willing, Farmer Tramonì wouldn't listen to any such project. Admitting that Brico was a cousin, what weight had that in the face of his few sheep when Josephine was part heiress to a fine farm? Greater things were in store for his daughter than marriage with a poverty-stricken, time-expired soldier. Brico's hand slid to his knife at once,



BRICO'S FINISH.

but such hasty action would be contrary to the Corsican code of honor.

He waited a month; then shot Father Tramonì from behind a hedge, and, not stopping to get his bride, he made for the hills. That was the beginning of his career as an outlaw.

Brico became a will o' the wisp. He was here, there, and everywhere, just before the Tramonìs and the gendarmes. In the mountains he found a fellow spirit in one Giovanni, and the two performed enough deeds of valor to establish a saga.

Had the government not lent a hand Brico's end might have come sooner than it did, for general sympathy was not with him. But country folk never have a liking for the police and did all they could to thwart them. Moreover, they were greatly afraid of the two bandits. In the little village of Mola they had seen death come mysteriously to four persons suspected of having given the police news of the outlaws. For two years this hide and seek game was kept up, and the list of killings to Brico's credit consisted of the four peasants who have been mentioned and several gendarmes, who attempted to catch the men in the mountains, but it was two years before the Tramonì family suffered again.

The second victim was the eldest son of the house, Come. Brico shot him from behind and killed him.

This so aroused the authorities that they arrested the whole Brico family—father, mother, uncles, aunts and cousins—charging them with giving aid and comfort to the outlaw. Thence on murders followed in quick succession until the Tramonì family was well in the way of becoming extinct. So long as Brico confined his attention to them and the police the country folk helped him, for to kill both was his undoubted right. But in November he killed a cartman, whose sole offense was to be carrying some household furniture belonging to one of the Tramonì families.

This was the beginning of the end, and the end he brought on himself. His last crime turned the whole island against him. He went down in the village of Mola a few months ago and deliberately shot and killed the seven-year-old son of the murdered Come Tramonì, who was playing in the streets with other children.

From that day he was hunted by everyone. His companion, Giovanni, had been killed the year before in an encounter with the police. The two persons who still stood by him were his mother and an aunt. On May 12 at noon he bid good-by to his mother, telling her she would probably never see him again. He went to his aunt's house, in

a neighboring village, and when at night he was leaving it to go to the mountains he was ambushed and killed. The total list of Brico's victims numbered a round two dozen, which is a good record even for a Corsican.

Her Third Set of Teeth.

Mrs. M. A. Billett, of 307 Walnut street, of Vicksburg, Miss., is cutting her third set of teeth. She is in her seventy-sixth year.

JEFFERSON DAVIS' GOODNESS.

He Found That Some of His Slaves Were Masons and Let Them Free.

"I guess you never heard of how Jefferson Davis freed a lot of niggers long before the thought of freeing the blacks in this country was anything more than a chimerical dream in the minds of some New England Puritans, did you?" Inquired Major L. H. Carson, of Nashville, Tenn., of a St. Louis reporter. "It may be a fairy tale, or it may not, but any how, it will bear repeating, as I received the story direct from my grandfather, who claimed to know all the circumstances, it ran about this way: While a young man and soon after moving from his native home in Ky., to his plantation in Miss. Jeff. Davis bought a cargo of blacks just brought over from Africa, by a slave trader, who ran the blockade and landed them in New Orleans. While they were working in the cotton field one day, Mr. Davis observed his new negroes making Masonic signs of distress to the overseer. That individual not being a Mason thought the negroes were carrying on a system of signals preparatory to revolt, and was about to have them whipped. Mr. Davis stopped this proceeding. He tested the negroes thoroughly and to his amazement, discovered that they were Third Degree Masons, though brought from the very heart of Africa. Being a Mason himself, you can understand that he lost no time in giving them their freedom and the choice of either returning to Africa, or remaining on his estate until he could provide for them in some way. Most of them shipped back to Africa at Davis' expense, though some remained with him until the end." (New York World).

DEMOCRATIC CURS.

Editor Fortune and Negro Democrats—His Indianapolis Democratic Speech—C. C. Curtis Asks the Colored Editor to Explain.

Editor of The Bee: Please allow me a short space in your most valuable journal in order that I may reply to Mr. Thomas Fortune, president of the Afro-American Council and editor of the New York Age. I see in your paper that Mr. Fortune calls all Negro democrats curs. If I had not seen it in The Bee I would have had some doubts as to its correctness, but knowing you to be a personal friend of the distinguished editor I know you would not write anything that was not true against him, I must say that I am surprised at the man who several years ago in the city of Indianapolis, Indiana made one of the most able democratic speeches that I ever heard. Not baring the late C. H. J. Taylor or J. M. Turner and many other negro democratic orators who spoke at this big negro democratic convention. I was a delegate to that convention and served on the same committee with Mr. Fortune and stopped at the same hotel. I want to know does Mr. Fortune include himself among the negro democratic curs, or has he changed his mind from several years ago? I also wish to ask him how he stood towards McKinley's administration when the Afro-American Council met in this city five years ago? I hope he will explain why he made the uncalled for remark about a party that he once affiliated with. I shall in your next issue publish some of the names of the democratic "curs."

Yours truly,
C. C. Curtis.
July 20, 1903.

WASHINGTON COLORED LAWYERS.

What the Boston Guardian Thinks of Them and the Police Court Judgeship.

(From the Boston Guardian.)

Washington, D. C., July 16.—It may not be literally true that at last the mountain has come to Mahomet, but as Mrs. Gay Pelham aptly expressed it, the mountain has been seen to wobble very perceptibly in at least two instances within the last fortnight. The first instance in which the towering mass has shown its tendency toward locomotion came to light when Miss Blank, a white lady of prominence in Washington and chief assistant to Prof. Kimball, the leading musical instructor in the city and leader of its oldest choral society, was about to leave this city for a term of study in Europe.

Miss Blank numbers among her acquaintances and friends the best known musical people of this country and is socially received by senators and cabinet members. On the evening, however, of her departure, amid the uncertain shadows of the summer twilight, she quietly made her way to the secretary of the S. Coleridge Taylor Choral society (a Negro organization) and modestly asked for a letter of introduction to the famous composer, S. Coleridge Taylor, for whom the last mentioned society is named. The secretary was somewhat upset for the moment at the "joking" presence of the

mountain, but on recovering self-control expressed a willingness to assist in bringing together so well known an American lady and so noted an English composer. We sincerely hope that our secretary's letter of introduction may not cause Mr. Taylor any inconvenience.

The second instance in which the rock-ribbed mass has bestirred itself is altogether a different matter. For some years past the police court of the capital has been presided over by the twin deities, fate or furies, Judges Scott and Kimball, who have dispensed alleged justice from this tribunal without outlet or hindrance, the one unknowing but willing to do the right, the other knowing but unwilling. Fair samples, indeed, of "blind justice" between which it is difficult to choose. If fared the Negro accused of crime or misdemeanors who was brought before this tribunal, "It was better for him that a mill stone," etc. Poor suspects were railroaded through to the jail or workhouse on the unsupported testimony of the police officer who had made the arrest, witnesses were told to shut up when their testimony did not suit the court, attorneys were browbeaten and denied the opportunity of arguing their clients' cases, and a degree of punishment has been inflicted upon a Negro, convicted of an offense and a much lighter upon a



ROBERT W. WILCOX
The First Hawaiian Representative in Dece. A Soldier and Patriot.

white, convicted of the same offense. Now the lance comes to its turn. It is almost time for reappointment and these alleged dispensers of justice wish to succeed themselves. They have petitions out and are asking the Negro members of the bar to support them for another term.

It would be supposed that not a negro, who was self-respecting would sign such a petition. But the fact is that these Negro lawyers, or at least many of them have not the courage of their convictions. Many of them have already signed and it is safe to predict that many more will do so whenever they can do so out of sight of others to whom they have vowed they would not endorse these men for reappointment.

Oh! this lack of manhood! Indorsing the men for the sake of courting individual favor should be succeeded and at the same time praying that there may be enough mainly men to prevent that reappointment. I think that the public ought to be given the names of the men who thus betray them and at the same time howl, "Down with the tyrants!"

DIDN'T WANT IT.

Select Cream from a Select Place Purchased by Select People.

The Colored Excursion that went down the river Friday, by the select colored people, on the River Queen, decided to purchase 40 gallons of ice cream from a white firm on 14th St. between R and S Streets, where colored people are not permitted to go. But the negro is good enough to purchase cream to the amount of 40 gallons and carry it home or elsewhere and eat it. This select committee representing the select colored people ought to know that there are places in this city where colored people can go and not be insulted and get first class cream at that. Not one of the committee would be permitted to eat a saucer of cream at the table in the ice cream parlor where they purchased the cream. Deliver The Bee from the clutches of the select negro.

ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT. District Militia, Leesburg, Virginia, Sunday, July 26, 1903. will be the banner day at Leesburg (Camp Ordway) during the Annual Encampment of the District Militia, July 23-August 1, and the Southern Railway will furnish ample accommodations for all these wishing to visit their friends in camp. A fast limited train will leave Pennsylvania Station, Sunday, at 9:00 A. M. There will be room for all, and the rate for the Round Trip will be only \$1.00.

Our Trip To Hampton.

What the Colored People Are Doing South.

Great Work for the Colored Youth, 500 Teachers Attending the Summer School. Our Dr. Bruce Evans In Evidence. His Wife and Two Children on a Visit. Reception to Teachers by Virginians. Buckroe Beach, Etc.

Hampton, Va., July 19, 1903. The Editor, accompanied by Attorney L. M. King, boarded the Palace Steamer of the Washington Steamboat Company on last Friday evening at Washington City, and arrived at Hampton, Va., Saturday morning, in time to be invited to breakfast with Dr. Bruce Evans and his sweet little family. Dr. Evans is principal of the summer school and he is fully capable of handling five or six hundred of the best young teachers throughout the United States, who are attending the summer school at the Institute. After having breakfasted with the

family in whom he takes great interest. There was

A RECEPTION.

tendered the visiting teachers on last Wednesday evening, in the Dexter Cleveland Hall Chapel. The program consisted of Overtures by the Orchestra, Fine Choruses, Solos, Speaking, Etc. Mr. D. Webster Davis was Master of ceremonies. On Saturday evening the male teachers and male visitors returned the complimentary reception to the ladies at

BUCROE BEACH.

Now this is the only salt water front owned and controlled by colored men in the United States. It fronts the bay with a pier of 175 feet extended in the bay. It is well furnished and well conducted. We boarded the car near the Institute and arrived at the beach in time for dinner. By the way the electric car goes direct to the hotel on the beach. The hotel contains two large dining rooms—one for excursion parties, which are very many, and the private dining room is for the hotel guests. We ate in the private dining room on Saturday. Recorder J. C. Dancy, Lieut. Clark, and Attorney King wanted a fish dinner; well two kinds of fish were in evidence—trout and spots; they ate trout, while the Editor ate spots. From the condition of the dishes there was not a "spot" left on any of the plates when we all had finished. The Recorder is fond of salt water, and when he remarked that Attorney A. W. Scott hadn't had a bath this summer, the lady guests were amazed. But the Recorder corrected the insinuation and placed the embarrassed Attorney in the right light. The Recorder meant "A Salt Water Bath." This was a great relief to Lawyer Scott, who had taken three baths within three hours. There was a great time at the reception. The ladies were dressed in their best. Their long silk and other gowns showed to an advantage. The large dance hall with its brilliant electric lights covering the handsome figures of the male guests and the semetrical figures of the ladies was a scene that dazzled the eyes of lookers on.

Among those present were Miss Cora A. Tucker of Baltimore, Md., with her sweet companion, Miss Margie Hurst of the same city; both ladies were handsomely gowned; Messdames: Paul Laurence Dunbar, Chestnut, Johnson, Dr. Bruce Evans and wife, Recorder J. C. Dancy, Lieut. T. H. R. Clark, Attorney L. M. King, Major W. H. Johnson, Capt. Allen Washington, Misses: Mary Carter, Hattie Johnson, Elenora Brown, Dr. I. T. Harris, Dr. J. W. Prather, Miss E. B. Kruse, Miss Pinkie E. Brayboy, and many others that space will not permit us to mention.

Before concluding this letter, we desire to mention specially, Major W. H. Johnson and Capt. Allen Washington, two of the finest looking men in the state of Virginia. Both gentlemen are connected with the Institute and both hold responsible positions. They have the bearing of military officers and the dignity of Chesterfield.

The manager of the newspaper plant is a highly educated lady, who knows her business. The Institute Journal is a new acquisition to the school. It is a four page journal, edited and managed by two students, W. Thomas Colding, Editor-in-Chief, and W. B. Kennedy, Associate Editor.

If you want to witness industry and progress among negroes, come to Hampton. The white people have forced the negroes to organize a building association, and last year it paid a dividend of four thousand dollars to the stockholders. It had a business of over 12,000 dollars last year, several thousand dollars more than the white association, which, at first, barred negro stockholders. This is what the Negro is doing South, notwithstanding race prejudice and discrimination. They are determined to succeed as the able secretary of the association remarked to us to-day.

W. C. C.

Principal Conventions to be held in Various Portions of the United States for which Special Rates will be in Effect via Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Special Low Rate Excursions June 25th, July 9th and 23rd, August 6th and 20th, and September 3rd.

Baltimore, Md.—Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, July 21-20. Tickets on sale July 19th and 20th good returning until July 25th, inclusive.

Baltimore, Md.—Seventy-Ninth Annual Session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., September 21-26. Tickets on sale September 19th, 20th and 21st, good returning until September 28th, inclusive.

Denver, Colo.—Christian Endeavor Society, July 9-13. Tickets on sale July 6th, 7th, and 8th, good returning until August 31st.

Detroit, Mich.—Epworth League International Convention, July 16-19. Tickets on sale July 14th and 15th, good returning until July 20th, inclusive.

San Francisco, Cal.—Grand Army of the Republic, August 17-22. Tickets on sale August 14th and 15th, good returning until October 15th.

Saratoga, N. Y.—Imperial Council, Ancient Arabic Order, Mystic Shrine, July 7-10. Tickets on sale July 6th and 7th, good returning until July 20, inclusive.

\$10.00 TO NIAGARA FALLS AND RETURN. Via B. & O. R. R., July 31. Special train of Pullman Parlor Cars and Day Coaches from Washington 8:30 A. M. Tickets good for ten days. Stopovers returning. Route via Philadelphia and famous Lehigh Valley. Other excursions August 14, 28, September 11, 25, October 9.

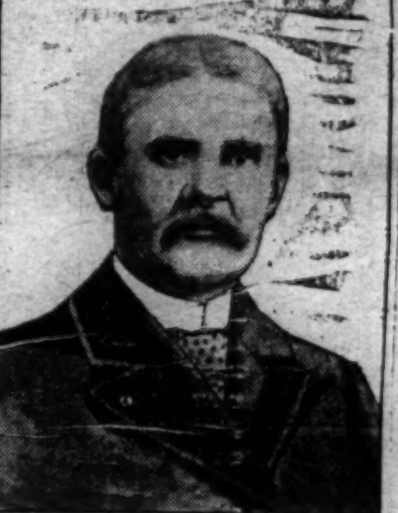
DEATH RATE IS LOW.

Vast Improvement Reported in the Health of Manila.

Medical Officers of the Army Are Proud of the Work They Have Done for the People of the Philippine Islands.

Surgeon General O'Reilly has received an interesting report from the medical officers in the Philippines, showing especially a steady decrease in the death rate of the city of Manila as a result of the operations of the medical officers of the regular and volunteer army since the establishment of the board of health under their direction in 1900. The sanitary improvement which has been brought about is shown by comparative statements of the death rate of Manila for the last quarter of the past four years, figured for each month on a basis of deaths occurring in each 1,000 population for one year. It appears from these figures that the annual death rate for the first quarter was as follows: 1900, 46.80; 1901, 38.19; 1902, 30.33; 1903, 22.17. These figures show that so far during the present year the Manila death rate is less than half what it was for the same period four years ago; and also that, based on present estimates of population, the number of lives which may be expected to be saved in 1903 judging from the three months already past, as compared with the year 1900, will amount to no less than 7,442.

Assistant Surgeon Munson says that the improvement in the conditions this year has been accomplished in spite of the fact that the Asiatic cholera and bubonic plague had both previously gained a foothold in the islands, and that the existence of a largely unvaccinated population in the provinces meant a constant introduction into the city of the infection of smallpox. Cases of plague, cholera and smallpox have occurred in Manila during the present year, but the precautions taken by the



GEN. ROBERT O'REILLY.

board of health have prevented any epidemic outbreak therefrom.

"The sanitary results obtained in the past four years through American control have been accomplished," says Dr. Munson, "despite the naturally insalubrious location of Manila, and its total lack of sanitation under the former sovereignty, which—from the level site interfering with drainage, the many foul canals ramifying through the city, the absence of any sewerage system and the existence of an impure and insufficient water supply and many old, unhealthy habitations—have created sanitary problems of the greatest difficulty. The board of health has therefore been unable to turn previously existing methods and conditions to sanitary advantage and has found it necessary not only to develop entirely new plans of improvement, but at the same time to combat the results of conditions inherited from the Spanish administration. The mixed character of the inhabitants, with their prejudices, superstitions and largely primitive habits of life, has also been a constant obstacle in sanitary work, as evidence of which it may be mentioned that circulars of the board of health are necessarily published in English, Spanish, Tagalog and Chinese languages."

Attention is invited to the fact that the present annual mortality in Manila, 22.17, is lower than that of many cities not commonly regarded as unhealthy situated in the United States and elsewhere. Washington city is included in this list, with an annual death rate per 1,000 in 1900 of 22.80. According to Dr. Munson the present death rate of Manila compares not unfavorably with that of many representative cities throughout the world which possess all modern sanitary conveniences, a long-established government and a highly educated population, such as San Francisco, Boston and New York, Glasgow, Paris, Vienna and Havana.

Reason of Her Refusal.

Portly ladies who pass along Hamburg avenue, Brooklyn, are used as targets by mischievous young men. The latter fix long pins to sticks, and with them prod the victims. The police matron of the station house in that district was asked to act as sleuth, she being of stout build, and therefore likely to prove a shining mark to the fun-lovers. She indignantly refused, declaring that the police regulations do not compel her to convert herself into a pin cushion.



They Say

What has become of the Negro leadership?

Why is it that people today toady to others when they have a little power?

There is no manhood among those who claim to be leaders.

The Afro-American council is a failure and a fraud.

The mouths of the leaders were closed.

Let us organize an Afro-American council.

One that will not toady but defend the rights of the negro.

Some negroes are like sheep.

Give us a leadership that will not cater to the whims of demagogues.

There is no Afro-American council in this city.

W. A. Pledger has subordinated his manhood. He is now numbered among the cringing.

O! how dazzling is an office to the eyes of the toady.

Booker Washington has promised the snoking leaders a tit.

It is best to be honest if you want to succeed.

The people will be asked to appoint another Judge to succeed Kimball.

90,000 colored citizens appeal to the President to appoint a successor to Ivory G. Kimball of the Police court.

The negro is a failure politically because he has no manhood.

There should be a strong Afro-American council organized.

Editor Fortune has lost his manhood.

"And thou too Fortune. We thought you would have mounted."

Editor Fortune asserted that all negro democrats are curs.

Were they curs when he advised all negroes to be democrats and support the democratic party.

The lies that have been told on the Metropole club have been branded by Lieut. Jordan and the excise board.

Major Sylvester is the Negroes friend, all reports to the contrary.

He has appointed more colored men on the force than any other Major who has held the office.

There is less beating negroes over the head than ever before.

Let us have a new Afro-American council.

The democratic party states that Judge Parker is too cold.

Bryan is not enough for the entire push.

When you make promises you should keep them.

When can you find an honest negro representative?

Don't be alarmed, it will not pay.

Be candid in your talk and truthful accordingly.

The republicans are looking at the negroes to see how easily they are bluffed.

Commissioner West is just as good a friend colored man as any other commissioner.

The Metropole club has been vindicated.

What has become of the manhood that was once in the negro?

Robert W. Wilcox is no more. The brave Hawaiian leader is dead.

There is a grave question confronting the negro.

Be what you are and nothing more. Let us have a successor to Judge Kimball.

The Freedmen's hospital is airtight.

It is hoped that Dr. F. J. Shadd

will be appointed on the school board.

Let Congress restore the right of suffrage to people.

It is hoped at the District government will be re-organized.

In union there is strength but in the Afro-American Council there is nothing but wind.

The office holders controlled it.

Let New England organize a new council.

Preachers should not speak what they do not know.

Some people talk too much.

You should tell what you know some times.

Let those who can speak do so intelligently.

Not Very Filling.

Mrs. Andrews was the most conscientious visitor of the district, but for various reasons she was not popular among the poor people whom she longed to help.

"I don't want to see that peaked-looking woman in my room again, nor I won't!" said the grandmother of the nine ragged Palmers.

"I read my Bible with the best of folks," went on the old lady, "but there's times for some things an' times for others, an' that Andrews woman is without the sense to know the one from the other. What was the motto she brought us yesterday, all in red and gold letters, and we with empty stomachs? 'Be filled with faith!'—Youth's Companion.

Danger in Mountain Climbing.

Danger is by no means an attraction to the true mountaineer. Some people may so affirm, but scarcely ever does an expert place himself in a dangerous situation, and if he does it is not from choice, and he does not like it. Sometimes he may take a risk, but seldom, unless all the chances are in favor of the climbing party and the possibility of accident exceedingly remote. What he does love is to eliminate by experience and skill all danger from a climb, which, to a novice, a clumsy worker or a party unsupplied with or neglecting to use proper equipment for mountaineering, would be hazardous or quite impossible.—Leslie's Monthly.

Sticks and Sticks.

"Man is a peculiar animal," began Mrs. Farrant, as she squatted herself in one of the easy-chairs that stood about the heavily carpeted assembly room of the Woman's Husband Reform Association of America.

"What's the trouble now?" asked Mrs. Preisse.

"Why," replied Mrs. F., "before I was married my husband would carry my golf sticks for me willingly miles and miles."

"Yes."

"And now he grumbles unmercifully when I ask him to go into the cellar and carry a few sticks of firewood upstairs for me."—N. Y. Times.

Making Soft Wood Hard.

A Liverpool merchant is said to have discovered a process of hardening and toughening soft woods so that they can be used in place of naturally hard woods. The treatment consists in saturating the timber with a solution of sugar at the boiling point. The water is afterward evaporated out, leaving the pores and interstices of the wood filled with solid matter, which is not brittle and shows no tendency to split or crack. The process also preserves wood and renders it remarkably impervious to water. Even hard woods are said to be benefited by it.—Scientific American.

Before and After.

Citizen—When you were running for the place you were full of promises of what you would do for the public; now you don't seem to care a penny for the public.

Legislator—When I said I was ready to do anything the public wanted I thought my election was what the public desired. They've got that, and now they want a lot of other things. It looks as though the public would never be satisfied.—Boston Transcript.

Not Enough to Worry About.

"One kiss," he said, with an effort, when Miss Brunet, the homely heiress, accepted him.

"Oh!" she giggled, "I hate to kiss a man with a mustache."

"Nonsense!" he replied. "Besides, your mustache isn't very heavy."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Jamaica's Banana Crop.

About 20,000,000 bunches of bananas grow annually on the island of Jamaica. Four-fifths of this amount are exported, and the remainder is consumed as food by the natives. A bunch of bananas, containing about 300 specimens of the fruit, sells in Jamaica for 15 or 20 cents.

Method in Her Madness.

"What on earth do you mean," her mother asked, "by urging your husband to get one of those outrageously high-priced Panama hats? Are you crazy to encourage such extravagance?"

"I shall want some more hats from time to time myself, mamma dear," the sweet young woman replied, "and he has always kicked so at the price I pay."

"My darling! You always was such a hand for lookin' ahead. Let me kiss you."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Strained Position.

The fellow who wants to hold office is quite a dilemma is found—

He can't keep his nose to the grindstone and shake his ear to the ground.

—N. Y. Times.

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Mrs. Bacon—Ready and willing are synonymous terms, are they not?
Mr. Bacon—Not always. For instance, you are always willing to go to the theater, but you're not always ready.—Tit-Bits.

Professional Opinion.
Softleigh—I say, doctah, do you—aw—believe that liquor really affects a man's brain?
Physician—Yes, if he has any. Otherwise it affects his legs.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lights.
"Well, I suppose Rockefeller lives according to his lights."

"I don't know. Sometimes I think other people's lights have more to do with it."—Detroit Free Press.

Marriage Statistics.
Marriages average 3,000 a day in the whole world. Of 1,000 men who marry, 333 marry younger women, 370 marry women of the same age, and 98 older women.—Indianapolis News.

Echo Answered.
Gilson—As a public speaker how does Watkyns rank?
Wilson—Rank!—Somerville Journal.

SHAPED HIS DESTINY

Career of Senator Nelson an Inspiration to Young Men.

Poor Norwegian Boy Who Rose from Deepest Obscurity and Now Is One of the Great Statesmen of the Hour.

The life of Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, has in it the elements of a purpose novel of twofold intent. The themes, which are closely interwoven, are the powerful influence which the early inspiring of a definite ambition has in shaping a life, and how success is gained despite the most untoward conditions. These points are clearly brought out in a clever little sketch, contributed by Antoinette Van Hoesen to the Cosmopolitan.

A foreign-born American, Knute Nelson came to this country from Norway with his widowed mother when he was less than five years old, and earned his first money selling newspapers upon the streets of Chicago. Later, when he and his mother were settled on a little sandy farm out in Wisconsin, his life was given a definite direction by one Mary Dillon, who taught the district school. Miss Dillon was a cultivated woman who came with her family to this country from Belfast, Ireland, to mend their broken fortunes. She became interested in the little, virile, eager-minded Norwegian boy, and, at stated intervals, invited him to her home. There, for the first time he saw the table-napery in use and a tea-table ornamented with flowers. On one of these occasions, in talking with him of the famous personages of history, Miss Dillon said:

"You, too, may become a distinguished man, Knute. You're a good mind, and all you have to do is to be industrious and persevering. You can't be president, for you were not born in



HON. KNUTE NELSON.
(Statesman Who Succeeded Despite Most Untoward Conditions.)

this country, but you can be a United States senator." This was long before there was a "New Education," but one of its foundation methods was used by Miss Dillon in thus relating young Nelson's life to the vital facts in the lives of men of success. From this time on he studied them with keen personal interest, seeking to find just how they had achieved. He realized that the first step was to learn more than a country district school taught.

Senator Nelson tells that he journeyed in an ox-cart of home construction, the wheels of which were sections of a big log, to the little village academy from which he graduated. On this cart was a large wooden chest which contained, in addition to his scanty wardrobe, sufficient provision from the farm to last him half the term. He did his own cooking, living as simply as did Daniel when he was in training to stand before Babylon's triumphant king. At this time he bore, without the slightest thought of relinquishing his object, the constant slings and ridicule of his fellow students.

Senator Nelson's personality announces the staying qualities which enabled him to realize the ambition inspired by his first teacher. He walks short, sits tall, and has the sturdiness of those not easily overthrown. His wide, firm mouth closes evenly; his iron-gray hair and beard are cropped to coordinate with the square-jawed lines of his head and face; and his ear, which, according to de Maupassant, indicates one's origin far more accurately than any certificate of birth, is sizable, with elaborate, well-defined convolutions.

In a small way he entered the arena of politics shortly after he had finished his academic course, and has filled almost every office in the gift of the people, once or more, up to the one he now occupies. Meanwhile, he found time to serve as a soldier during the civil war, and to become an able lawyer.

The woman who opened the world of books to the senator, and the scarcely less important world of the amenities of life, was a guest at his home while he was a congressman. After her death, among her effects was found, carefully dated and arranged, almost every thing that had been published, up to that time, about him. It is one of the regrets of his life that Miss Dillon, the inspirer of his attainments, did not live to see him a senator.

Religious Notes.
The Baptist denomination has five associations and 108 churches in Korea, 117 preachers, 136 chapels, 437 preaching places and 21,110 church members.

In Rome there are one pope, 30 cardinals, 35 bishops, 1,369 priests, 2,333 monks, 3,212 nuns, making in all 7,479 persons charged with spiritual calling among a population of 400,000. So that there is in Rome one spiritual to every 54 inhabitants, while in the large Protestant cities of Germany there is but one spiritual to 10,000 inhabitants.

The Syrian Protestant college at Beirut, an American nonsectarian institution, has 627 students in medicine, pharmacy, commerce, arts or agriculture. Twenty-eight of the 45 professors are Americans and English is the principal medium of instruction. Its students come from Turkey, Greece, Persia, Egypt and the Sudan.

The free churches in England—those of all denominations federated for the purpose of cooperative effort, have a total membership of 1,982,801, who contribute \$30,000,000 a year to religious and charitable objects, not counting special sums raised for "jubilee" or "new century" offerings. They have in their churches 388,000 Sunday school teachers. The young people in their Sunday schools number this year 3,321,330, a notable increase of 45,000 over last year.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

The only surviving member of Lord Derby's administration is the duke of Rutland, who is now in his 85th year. As Lord John Manners the duke served two terms as postmaster general. There is a story to the effect that in a country post office the dukes in charge treated Lord John very uncivilly, not being aware, of course, of his identity. When his attitude became unbearable the stranger handed in his card, inscribed "Manners," and the hint was both complete and immediate in the effect.

King Edward's appointment of Sir Evelyn Wood to be a field marshal has brought out the interesting fact that the family of the king was once deeply indebted to the grandfather of Gen. Wood, Matthew Wood, a London merchant. It was through the generosity of the old merchant that the duke of Kent was able to come to England from Germany so that the future Queen Victoria could be born on British soil. The first baronetcy bestowed by Queen Victoria upon her accession was to Matthew Wood.

Sculptor Trentanove's bronze bust of the late Senator Cushman K. Davis has arrived in Washington from Italy. Signor Trentanove is now on his way to this country and will be present at the unveiling of the work which will be placed over the grave of Senator Davis in Arlington. The bust will rest on a base of bronze Italian marble. In the pedestal are chiseled in relief on the four sides the words "Soldier," "Scholar," "Statesman" and "Friend." On one side half way down is the inscription: "Senator Cushman K. Davis, June 16, 1838—Nov. 27, 1906."

An interesting story is told in connection with the new Chartar portrait of Secretary Shaw. Chartar always charges \$6,000 for his pictures, but Mr. Shaw beat him down to \$2,500 while the picture was being painted. When it was nearly completed the artist turned to the secretary and asked him who was to pay the \$2,500, he or the government. The secretary said that the government was. Quick as a flash Chartar said it was worth \$3,000 and swept his brush across one of the eyes in the portrait. Secretary Shaw looked at it aghast. He was winking at himself from the canvas, but he had to pay the \$3,000.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Three pairs of Siamese twin fishes have been hatched at the New York aquarium.

A tropical substitute for the potato, already being tried in French colonies, is Colusa Coppini, a new edible of the mint or labiate family. Its tubers, which average an inch and a half in length, closely resemble the potato in flavor when prepared in the same way. The aurora borealis, as lately seen in the early afternoon by an English observer, appeared as a black arch with black streamers, against a blue sky. The sun was shining brightly, and some bright white clouds were being driven rapidly in front of the aurora.

Surgeon Edgar Means, of the army, has given a wonderful collection of rats to the national museum. It is said to be the most complete collection in existence and contains specimens of all known varieties of rats. Surgeon Means has been a lifetime in making his collection.

Coffee berries are understood to contain about one per cent. of caffeine, to which the stimulating properties are due. In a late analysis of six kinds at the Pasteur Institute, M. Bertrand has found that Coffea Canephora contains as much as 1.97 per cent. of caffeine, but that two species—C. Humboldtiana and C. Mauritiana—are practically free from the stimulating alkaloid, not more than 0.07 per cent. appearing in either.

A remarkable sea monster was recently caught in Port Fairy bay by some fishermen. It measured nine feet six inches in length, had a tail like that of the screw tail shark, no teeth, a nose like a rhinoceros, a head like an elephant, two dorsal fins, four side fins and two steering fins. The skin was black and very soft. The monster-perished fishermen say the specimen is altogether new to them. They are not hazy as a guess as to the species. The fish has been sent to the Melbourne museum.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

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IN THE REALM OF POETRY.

Hassan's Proverb.
King Hassan, well beloved, was wont to say:
When aught went wrong or any labor failed:
"To-morrow, friends, will be another day!"
And in that faith he slept and so prevailed.

Long live this proverb! While the world shall roll
Nor morrows fresh shall rise from out the night
And new baptize the indomitable soul
With courage for its never-ending fight.

No one, I say, is conquered till he yields,
And yield he need not while like mist from glass,
God wipes the stain of life's old battles from
Every morning that He brings to pass.

New day, new hope, new courage! Let this be,
O soul, thy cheerful creed! What's yesterday,
With all its shards and wreck and grief, is dead?
Forget it, then; here lies the victor's way—
Christian Endeavor World.

To a Belated Autumn Leaf.
Poor little leaf, so brown and sear,
I almost think I see a tear
Upon your cheek,
As on the sudden sword you lie,
Beneath the cold autumnal sky.
That seems to have no pitying eye,
Your race to seek.

But little leaf, why should you care,
While sweeps around the husky air,
And birds have fled;
While all that made your life serene
Has vanished from the festive scene,
And fields are gray that once were green,
Their beauty dead?

Dear little leaf, be still and rest,
With memories of the summer blest,
Nor weep, nor sigh;
Some things that are of wondrous worth,
That in the inner life have birth,
That do not with the withering earth,
Grow old and die.

—George W. Crofts, in Christian Work.

The Blind Lover.
They tell me that her eyes are blue,
Her cheeks display a wild rose hue—
What need is there to tell
The graces of her smiling glee,
The peeping dimples that entrance,
I feel their beauty's spell!

When first I heard her singing,
How swift the shadows flew!
While yet the strain was ringing
I felt her heart was true.

I cannot view her looks of gold,
Her little ear's enticing mold,
Whereon no gem is hung;
But when her fingers nest in mine,
What they reveal none can divine—
No poet ever sung.

To me a sense is granted
Unknown to other men,
And by its light enchanted
I see beyond their ken.
—Samuel Minturn Peck, in Boston Transcript.

The One-Talent Man.
While some with talents ten begun,
He started out with only one.
"With this," he said, "I'll do my best,
And trust the Lord to do the rest."
His trembling hand and tearful eye
Gave forth a world of sympathy.

When all alone with one distressed,
He whispered words that calmed that
He breast.
And little children learned to know,
When grieved and troubled, where to go.

He loved the birds, the flowers, the trees,
And loving him, his friends loved these.
His homely features lost each trace
Of homeliness, and in his face
There beamed a kind and tender light
That made surrounding features bright.

When illness came, he smiled at fears,
And bade his friends to dry their tears.
He said "Good-by," and all confessed,
He made of life a grand success.
—Presbyterian Journal.

The Hour-Glass and Life.
The sand that lies within the glass
Marks the minutes as they pass
By dropping through the narrow space
That links each curving crystal vase.
Diminishes in faint degree
When first it seeks its liberty.

The atoms in the bowl above
Seem to lessen as they move
Toward the depths that lie below
To catch them in their silent flow.
But what! how fast they sink from sight
As the last minutes take their flight!

Like to the hour-glass is our life,
In youth, with hope and pleasure rife,
Small is the measure of our tears;
And slow the passing of the years;
But as we near our journey's end,
How years with hours seem to blend.

—C. E. F., in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Hand That Used to Spank My Pa.
When I go down to grandma's, where
There's always lots of cake and pie,
I spread my bread with jelly there
And stuff up all I nearly die.
The greatest fun you ever saw
Is slidin' from their steep-roofed shed,
And the hand that used to spank my pa
Is the hand that pats me on the head.

I tear around and yell and make
All kinds of noise, and they don't mind;
They have no baby there to wake,
And both of them are awful kind.
The greatest man I ever saw
Is grandpa, with his hair all gray,
And the hand that used to spank my pa
Sews up my trousers every day.

—E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Mantle of Winter.
As the frost beads weep from branches
That are bare,
And the music of the sleigh bells breaks
The air;
As the hedgerows with their crystals all
Are gemmed,
And the vessels in the harbors all
Are hemmed;

As the ice-cracks his whip across the lakes,
And the Log upon the hearth his vengeance takes,
And when no green stem of leaf or flower
Is found,
Then has Winter thrown her mantle to the ground.
—W. F. Dickens-Lewis, in N. Y. Observer.

The Time of Turning.
December's dome is dark and bleak;
December's floor is cold and white;
Yet through December's door we seek
The harbinger of life and light.

The warning sun, whose dwindling days
Shrink to the eyes of darkened men,
Turns in his path, the while we praise
And sing that earth is born again.

Be it your house of life be dark,
Throw open now its windows wide;
Look out, look up, and joyous mark
The dawn of the Christmas-tide!
—Edmund Vance Cooke, in Youth's Companion.

The Bravery of the Little.
We do not call the strong man brave
Who does not dread the darkened room,
But there is courage in the child
Who, filled with fear and fancies wild,
Goes trembling upward through the gloom.

A thousand things are done each day
By these whose talents are obscure;
That should command the world's high praise;
We pass them in our thoughtless ways,
Forgetting they are weak and poor.
—E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

CHICAGO DERBY WINNER.

The Picket, Hitherto Unsuccessful Kentucky Horse, Wins Fortune for Its Owner.

The Picket, a horse that never before flashed first past the post, won the American Derby at Chicago on June 30. He set the pace every step of the distance, was never challenged and won in a gallop by six lengths. He ran the Derby distance, one and a half miles, faster than it was ever run before in the race.

His time was 2:33. Claude, the winner of three derbies, was second. Bernays, the Cincinnati candidate, was third.

It was a race without the thrill of an exciting finish. The crowd of 70,000



HEAD OF THE PICKET.
(Kentucky Colt Which Just Won Over \$30,000 for Its Owners.)

people which witnessed the sixteenth running of the event saw a contest that was decided when the field turned into the stretch. In front of a struggling field The Picket ran so easily and truly as to leave no doubt where he would finish. The roar of cheers which greeted the successful horse began when The Picket was more than an eighth of a mile from the wire.

The Derby was a record-breaking turf event in more than the fast time that was made. Nineteen horses went to the post, the largest previous field being 15. The largest crowd that ever gathered on a western race track covered the Washington Park grounds. The race was worth \$32,375 gross value, the richest in the history of the race, with one exception. Betting on the result began in March and continued until the horses went to the post. More money, it is asserted, was wagered on the Derby than on any other race ever run in America.

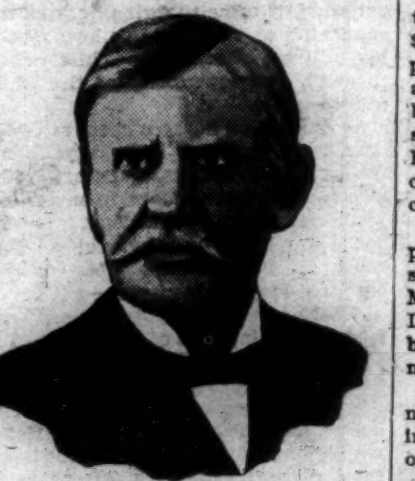
Jockey Arthur Helgesen, who rode The Picket to victory, was 27 years old last September. He was born at Manistee, Mich., in 1885, but most of his life has been spent in Chicago. His father lives at 175 North Humboldt street, Chicago.

BARD FOR SECOND PLACE.

California Senator Is Being Boomed by Western Republicans for Vice Presidential Honor.

The vice presidential boom of Senator Thomas Robert Bard, of California, is now well defined. He has many friends in the west who will push his claims for second place on the republican ticket. Mr. Bard is the junior senator from the Golden state. He was born in Chambersburg, Pa., December 8, 1841.

His ancestors, who were among the earliest settlers in that part of the Cumberland valley in which Cham-



HON. THOMAS R. BARD.
(California Senator Who Would Like to Be Vice President.)

bersburg is situated, were Scotch-Irish.

Mr. Bard received a common-school education, and graduated at the Chambersburg academy in 1858. Before completing his study of law he engaged in railroad engineering in Hagerstown, Maryland, but he had a yearning for the Pacific coast, and in 1864 he located in California, and has since resided in Ventura county, in that state, where he has engaged in wharfing, warehousing, banking, petroleum, mining, sheep grazing and dealing in real estate, and from all these various industries he has accumulated abundant wealth and won for himself a high position socially and politically.

Mr. Bard had the honor in the presidential election of 1892 of being the only successful republican elector for California. He took the oath of office as United States senator on March 5, 1900. His term of office will expire on March 3, 1905.

Andy Johnson's Tailor Shop.

The little shop in which President Andrew Johnson lived at Greenville, Tenn., and followed his trade, is yet in existence, and his old sign may still be seen over the door: "A. Johnson, Tailor." Some of the villagers take pride in showing receipts bills from the famous tailor for making or repairing garments.

BETS ONLY FOR FUN. BIG BILL FOR KISSES.

Playing the Races Is Woman's Very Latest Diversion.

Gotham Society Leaders Like the Excitement of the Track and Cheerfully Lose Sums of Generous Proportions.

Men who have been played the races for years are commenting on the indifference now displayed by the New York women at losing money at the track.

"Judging from appearances," said one the other day to a Sun reporter, "she seems to be just as happy when she is losing money as when she is winning. The excitement of the experience is what she is after, not a tangible result in dollars and cents. The attitude of the fashionable woman at the card table and at the races is entirely different, and yet for the life of me I can't see why."

"When horse-racing first became popular in and around New York," he went on, "the few venturesome women who took a hand at betting were likely to become hysterical over the loss of a good-sized sum, and it took them days to recover from the disappointment. Does anyone ever see a fashionable woman nowadays weeping over her losses at Morris Park or Sheepshead? Even novices plunging for the first time see their money take wings without turning a hair. Their indifference is not assumed, either."

As evidenced by the Morris Park races, the woman with scruples about betting is no more, or, if she does exist, she keeps away from the track. Almost without exception, the women there bet—bet on every race, in sums from one dollar to a hundred, occasionally even going a good deal higher than that.

A large percentage of these women go every day, bet every day, lose and win every day, and so far as can be ascertained, very few come out winners in the end.

This is what a woman well known in society had to say on the subject the other day:

"I am devoted to horse-racing. As a sport, I think it has no equal. I gen-



"I AM DEVOTED TO RACING."

erally attend the Sheepshead and Morris Park races, as I can, and I always bet. I have been doing this for nearly ten years, and I wouldn't miss the fun for anything.

"Make money by it? On the contrary, my fun never costs me less than \$200 a year, in spite of the fact that perhaps I know as much about horses as the average woman can know. To be sure, I never try for inside tips from sporting men, who are supposed to have information, for I find the uncertainty of it all one of the most fascinating features of horse-racing."

"Almost every woman has a pet pleasure, for which she is willing to spend more than for anything else. Mine is betting on horses, for which I 'squander,' as my husband calls it, between \$200 and \$300 every year. I never get off under \$200."

"On some days I make a lot of money, only to lose it the next, and in the end I am pretty well 'cleaned out,' as they say at the track."

"If I could not afford to lose the money I would never go near a race-track. The experiences of the majority of my woman friends who do go in for racing are the same as mine. In fact, we all make up our minds to lose, not to win."

"There may be women who in the long run make money at playing the races, but I don't know them. In my opinion, the only way to come out a winner is, immediately, the very instant, one makes a lucky haul, to scurry away from the track as fast as possible, and stay away."

The Boss Girl of Kansas.

The Oxford (Kan.) Register says that Gene Showalter, of that town, is the typical Kansas girl. Although but 16 years old, she taught the biggest school in the county during the past school year. After school closed she went home and helped her father plow for oats. Then she made a lot of clothes for herself. Now she is taking a little vacation in the form of a term at a teachers' summer school.

Negroes Were His Mascot.

On his way from Paris to Monte Carlo an English gambler chanced to occupy a compartment in a railroad car with five negroes. He considered this a favorable omen, and when he arrived at the Casino he risked five pounds on black at the fifth table, and let his stake stand for a run of five. Black won five times in succession, and his winnings amounted to about \$250.

Miss Pettit Is Awarded \$3,000 for 1,236 of Them.

Methodical Woman Who Kept a Diary Has Facts and Figures Covering a Courtship of Over Fourteen Years.

One of the most sensational trials ever held in the foothill section of the Adirondacks was that which recently came before Supreme Court Justice John M. Kellogg and a jury in Ballston Spa, N. Y., the shire town of Saratoga county. It consumed comparatively little time, but it was fast and furious from first to last, and has become celebrated as "the Galway kissing case," a distinction that will endure for some time to come.

The principals in the case were prominent residents of the town of Galway, a picturesque mountainous section 15 miles from the cosmopolitan summer resort, Saratoga. The township of Galway enjoys the isolation of not having a steam or trolley road within its cottage-studded borders, while telegraph and telephone facilities are looked upon as luxuries not to be indulged in.

The Galway people knew that for fourteen years Mr. Tittlemore had been the "steady company" of Miss Pettit, who for nine years had occupied a cozy cottage owned by her admirer. They had closely seen Miss Pettit develop from a prepossessing young girl to a commanding looking woman of 35 years, and they frequently observed that she looked much younger than many a decade her junior.

As one season merged with another, and up to less than a year ago, they made mental note of the inseparable companionship of Miss Pettit and Mr. Tittlemore, and it was generally believed that nothing but the scythe of Father Time could separate them.

Mr. Tittlemore, who is in comfortable circumstances, is the only man in Gal-



"I HAVE COUNTER CLAIMS."

way who owns an automobile, and he was almost daily accompanied by Miss Pettit as he scoured over and around the hills with his horseless vehicle.

But one day last October Miss Pettit had her jealousy aroused when she learned that her admirer of fourteen years was dividing his attention with a younger woman of more comely presence. She promptly sought out Mr. Tittlemore and called him to account.

Mr. Tittlemore soon after allowed it to be understood that the friendship between himself and Miss Pettit had become strained and that he proposed to have her vacate his cottage. The inflammatory measure instituted by him was to demand rent for the nine years she had occupied his cottage.

With flashing eyes and flushed cheeks she informed Landlord Tittlemore that she had counter claims that would more than offset his "unjust and exorbitant claim." He smiled derisively, but that did not help his case. Then he sought the medium of the law, but he gained no consolation through that contention agency.

It appears that Miss Pettit had, through all the long years of courtship, faithfully kept a full and complete record of the kisses she had bestowed on her fiancé, as well as of the Sunday dinners he had eaten in her house.

Considering herself injured to the extent of \$5,000, Miss Pettit then instituted an action for breach of promise, but, while the jury men rendered a verdict in her favor, they reduced the figures to \$3,000.

When the plaintiff took the witness stand she produced the diary record, which she frequently referred to and quoted from in answering interrogatories of counsel.

"I always keep a record of everything," she said. "And then, you know, I always know what I am talking about."

Miss Pettit, referring to her data, found that Mr. Tittlemore had kissed her on 1,236 occasions during the fourteen years of their courtship.

The jury men did not consume much time in finding a judgment favorable to Miss Pettit, and it was a shock to Mr. Tittlemore, who never dreamed of being defeated in "the kissing case."

Mr. Tittlemore's counsel, Lawyer Sanders of Amsterdam, has carried the case up to the appellate division of the supreme court, where it will be argued in September next.

What effect the 1,236 kisses will have upon the justices of the higher court remains to be seen. But autumn is not so far away.

Camel's Flesh Is Tender.

Some of the Parisian restaurants serve camel's flesh. The meat tastes like beef, though white like veal. The hump is considered a great delicacy by the Arabs.

TWO MOSQUITO YARNS.

They Were So Extraordinary That the Third Liar Did Not Dare to Tell His Little Story.

They were telling mosquito stories. They had prevaricated right along, to the amusement of the listeners, and each was about to run out of yarns. Each felt that it was time to get in his best yarn.

"Why, over in Jersey," said the Harlem man, "I was spending the night with a friend near a big swamp. After I crawled in bed I heard a crashing noise near my head, and turned around to find that a mosquito had been perambulating through the hallway, had gotten mad, and had driven his bill through the ceiling into my room. I jumped up, seized a monkey wrench, and bradded the bill on the inside. Then I walked through the side door, seized a shotgun, loaded it with buckshot, fired the whole load into that mosquito, and went to bed again."



HE BRADDED THE BILL.

Later on I heard another noise. Going out to investigate, I ascertained that the mosquito had broken his bill off and had gone out of the house minus a part of his probing apparatus. Three days later I saw that same mosquito eating a chicken it had caught."

"I believe you are a very strict churchman," said the other man, "and, of course, you had to tell the whole truth about that story, but I'll tell you what is a fact. Down in the Florida Everglades there is a mosquito that beats yours. I was fishing on a creek one day when I heard an awful buzzing noise overhead. Looking up, I saw a mosquito flying along with a half-grown colored child under one wing, and a grindstone under the other. Occasionally he would whet his bill on the grindstone and take a bite of the child. To show you that this story is true, I will cross my heart."

The third liar, says the New York Times, had prepared to say something, but he saw the threatening looks on the faces of the crowd and desisted.

WITNESS WAS TOUGH.

Lawyer Tried Hard, But Could Not Extract Much Information from Andrew Anderson.

The lawyer for the defendant was trying to cross-examine a Syed who had been subpoenaed by the other side as a witness in an accident case.

"Now, Anderson, what do you do?" asked the lawyer, according to the New York Times.

"Sank you, but Aw am not vers well."

"I didn't ask you how is your health, but what do you do?"

"Oh, yas. Ow vewrk."

"We know that, but what kind of work do you do?"

"Puddy hard vovrk; it ees puddy hard vewrk."

"Yes, but do you drive a team, or do you work on a railroad, or do you



"AW VEWK IN FACT'RY."

handle a machine, or work in a factory?"

"Oh, yas; Aw vewrk in fact'ry."

"Very good. What kind of a factory?"

"It ees very big fact'ry."

"Your honor," said the lawyer, addressing the court, "if this keeps on, I think we'll have to have an interpreter." Then he returned to the witness.

"Look here, Anderson, what do you do in that factory—what do you make?" he asked.

"Oh, yas, I un'erstan—yo want to know vat I make in fact'ry, eh?"

"Exactly. Now, tell us what you make."

"Von dollar an' a half a day."

And the interpreter was called in to earn his salt.

CUPID'S SLY TRICKS.

They Bring Joy and Happiness to Many Loving Hearts.

Love Romances in Various Walks of Real Life Are Marked by Facts That Seem Stranger Than Ordinary Fiction.

Cupid certainly works in a most mysterious way his wonders to perform and in the affairs of a young mechanic, named Dwyer, who works in the municipal lighting plant in Detroit, his messenger was a pair of greasy overalls. Dwyer wished to demonstrate to a friend the powerful draft of the big chimney. So he put a pair of old greasy overalls in the door at the bottom of the tall stack. The trousers, so strong is the draft, gracefully sailed up the chimney and out at the top.

Ordinarily the story should have ended here, but in this case it doesn't. It's an old saying "that what goes up must come down," and it was the coming down of the well lubricated overalls that makes this o'er true tale. For in descending the overalls had the extreme bad taste to come down plump on a neatly dressed young woman who was taking an afternoon stroll a block or two away, blissfully unconscious of any draft testing experiments. It is not nice to be struck squarely by a pair of dilapidated overalls and it does not at all improve the appearance of a tailor made walking suit.

The young woman was righteously indignant and she made inquiries as to where the suddenly bestowed came from. Some boys playing in the street had seen the flight of the overalls and told the young woman their origin. She lodged complaint at the power house and the young mechanic who had made the draft test was summoned to make the amende honorable.

How well he succeeded was demonstrated the other day when he was married to the young woman whom he met under such novel circumstances.

Cupid seems to have no racial prejudices. The latest proof he has given of this was the bringing together as



THE OVERALLS CAME FLYING.

man and wife a Chinaman and a German girl. The groom was Charley Tang and the bride was Miss Dora Wenholtz, both of Newark, N. J. Tang conducts a laundry and tea store in Newark, where he is superintendent of the Chinese department of the Centenary Methodist Sunday school. Miss Wenholtz was a pretty girl, 22 years old, who, up to the time of her wedding, was studying for a trained nurse in a Brooklyn hospital. Miss Wenholtz met Tang at the home of a schoolgirl chum, who is also wedded to a Chinaman. It was a case of love at first sight, but the wedding was postponed several times on account of the objections of the bride's parents. Finally Miss Wenholtz decided that it was she who was to marry a Chinaman and not her parents, and that the question really concerned her and not them, so the other night there was a quiet little wedding in a pretty little home in Newark, and now Mr. and Mrs. Tang are receiving the congratulations of their friends.

The much discussed question anent long and short engagements was settled by two young people in Louisville in favor of the latter. Miss Elizabeth Pohlmann met Ferdinand de la Gasse one evening and the next day they were married. M. de la Gasse is a Russian, the descendant of a noble race. He is an educated, much traveled man who went to Alaska several years ago in search of a fortune and found one. He came down to the United States to live and settled in Minneapolis. A few months ago he happened to pick up a matrimonial paper and saw an advertisement signed by Miss Pohlmann. M. de la Gasse wrote to the Louisville girl, and after awhile they exchanged photographs. The Frenchman was so struck by Miss Pohlmann's counterfeited presentment that he at once hurried to Louisville and went immediately to the young woman's house. Miss Pohlmann herself answered his knock and the two met for the first time. It was love at first sight, and the next day the marriage was celebrated, and the two, after a wedding trip, will begin married life in one of the most beautiful homes in Minneapolis.

The Latest Dyspepsia Fad.

The latest fad in the way of a cure for dyspepsia is bread made of sea water, instead of fresh water. A Philadelphia baker makes a specialty of this bread, and the dyspeptics who use it declare that it aids them. The baker gets his sea water from Atlantic City.

The Bee.

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Democrats in Office.

The success of this administration is due to the loyalty of republicans, at the poles three years ago. The death of President McKinley made it possible for President Roosevelt. The result of President Roosevelt's advancement is the induction of democrats in office to the exclusion of republicans. The United States District Attorney's office is an evidence of the above declaration. There is but one republican now left in the United States District Attorney's office, in the person of Mr. Peyton Gardner. When Mr. Gould, who is now Judge, was United States District Attorney, it was said he could not remove the democrats who were then in that office, hence he allowed them to remain. Not that The Bee cared so much for the so-called republicans, because the colored attorneys seemed to receive better treatment from the democrats employed than from the republicans. It is the principle that The Bee asks that should be upheld. If the democratic district attorney can find an excuse to remove republicans, certainly republican district attorneys should make excuses to remove democrats from office. If it is policy for the white man to be a democrat, why is it not equally consistent and plausible for a black man to support democratic candidates for office, or support the principles of the democratic party? As the negro has been advised to support the principles of the democratic party, by members of his race, and the moment he gets an office under a republican administration, the colored democrat who has taken his advice is denominated a "cur." The colored man must act and think for himself. He must support men and not party when it is to his interest. The negro republican, neither receives encouragement from the United States District Attorney's office nor from the republican judges of the Police Court. Just what the negro can hope to gain by remaining a mute The Bee is unable to tell. He votes the republican ticket, day and night. He is killed, butchered and disfranchised just the same. What is he to gain if he votes the democratic ticket?

PARTING WORDS TO VISITING TEACHERS.

From the Boston Guardian.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the next time any considerable number of colored teachers come to this city to a convention especially when the organization to which they belong is non-racial, a few of those who are to stay but a short time will muster up courage enough and money enough to take rooms at some of Boston's hotels, so that this city and the rest of the country from the example of this the most liberal city on the color line, may not be encouraged to try to exclude colored patrons from hotels by virtue of the object lesson presented by these visiting colored people from the south. The excuse of poverty is a poor one, for in some places, as Washington, D. C., the only reason there are colored schools is in order that colored teachers might draw salaries. But if funds are low, let each city take up a collection to pay the expenses of at least one teacher in a Boston hotel for one week. Thus Boston colored people will be spared from a blow to their effort to prevent color discrimination in public places here, even if some of the colored visitors do not "feel so much at home."

In this respect we point with pride to the example of Prof. Scarborough, who, when he came to Boston to speak before the Philological society at Harvard, took a room at the Hotel Lenox.

That act itself, helped the colored citizens of Boston.

It is quite evident that the above excerpt taken from the Boston Guardian shows there was a great deal of color prejudice manifested on the part of the citizens of Boston, Mass., the cradle of liberty, against the colored teachers who attended the educational convention. There was a great deal of trouble in getting accommodation. There was no excuse for our teachers who attended. They should have gone to a first class hotel or remained at home. One hundred years from now the Boston people will regret the day that they discriminated against worthy colored citizens.

FALSE LEADERSHIP.

Self-Commendation Rebuked—How He Gets His Puffs.

(From the Jersey City Appeal, June 27, 1903.)

AN OPEN LETTER.

Jersey City, N. J., June 27, '03.
Professor Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee, Ala.
My Dear Mr. Washington—I have your letter of the 20th inst., with typewritten paragraphs for the Appeal, which I marked "Refused" on the envelope and returned the same to you. I see your smooth way in subsidizing the colored papers to boom yourself, by sending out editorials prepared at Tuskegee.

I have remained silent and had planned not to say anything in regard to your views at all, but since you have made me a proposition to come out in your defense, silence has ceased to be a virtue, as I must "either shoot Luke or give up the gun."

Mr. Washington, your school is all right for those who want an industrial education. I regard you as a specialist and the foremost exponent along that particular line, which needs no defense; but when you ask me to boom your cause at the expense of higher education, I draw the line. I was born in Lee county, Alabama, within about 25 miles of your school; although reared without a father, I never desired to attend your school when a boy, because your standard of education did not appeal to me in my youth. I am unaware that you are playing a very popular chord which appeals to those who believe that my race should never aspire to measure arms with the Anglo-Saxon; but I am alarmed at your endorsing the constitutions of the Southern states when you say: "EVERY REVISED CONSTITUTION IN THE SOUTHERN STATES HAS PLACED A PREMIUM ON EDUCATION, WEALTH, THRIFT AND INDUSTRY;" and in your own state, where I have recently visited my old homestead and find relatives, friends, business men, professional men, who I have known all my life some of whom are paying taxes on property valued from \$100 to \$50,000, all disfranchised, notwithstanding your school, well fixed financially, still they are not allowed to register.

You may say that it would cut short the easy flow of cash from the philanthropists, still you could have left it unsaid. You are catering to a popular sentiment to gain a few dollars, at a great sacrifice of human liberty and independent manhood.

Mr. Washington, I must say that your views are injuring the cause of higher education, and you are encouraging the white man to steadily withdraw civil and political rights in order that my race may never rise higher than hewers of wood and drawers of water.

I, for one respectfully decline to become a party to such a scheme as you have inaugurated to have the colored papers to praise you as the undisputed leader of my race.

Trusting that you may see the error of your way, and speedily return to preaching the doctrine of our equal civil and political rights. I am yours for God and my race, fraternally,
JOSEPH SUMMERS.

JURY DISCRIMINATION.

Colored Men Barred.

There is a systematic effort on the part of some one to prevent colored citizens from serving as jurors. Since the adoption of the District Code one year ago not over twenty five colored citizens have been drawn to serve on juries. In the criminal court this year not over one or two colored citizens have been drawn on the jury. And during the last term of the court a colored citizen who had an opinion and exercised it by hanging the jury on which there were eleven white men, the District never allowed him to sit another case during the term. There is a movement on foot to have the question of race discrimination presented to Congress. In the Police Court this term there are but two colored jurors.

Some of the principal landed proprietors of Koenigsberg, Germany, recently collected a fund of money to give Johann Braun, a farm hand, a free passage to America. Braun is an excellent laborer, but his appetite is too phenomenal to allow him to retain a position at home. All his employers bore testimony to his industry and willingness, but he ate more than six other men, and German agriculture cannot stand such inroads on its budget. The man is accused of getting up in the night and devouring all the bread in the house, together with the uncooked flour and potatoes set aside for breakfast. He carried to America sufficient money to insure his landing, and as there is no clause against big appetites in the United States immigration laws, Johann's patrons hope they are rid of him.

HAS STRANGE MANIA.

Little Girl Tries to Kill People "to See Them Suffer."

Not Satisfied with Poisons First Attempt, She Makes an Almost Successful Effort the Next Day—Has Not Repented.

From California a correspondent of the Chicago American reports a strange story of an infant Lucretia Borgia, Gladys Mallard by name. Gladys, a little girl of 11 years, attempted to kill Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Ward, who have been her kindly benefactors, and five visitors by putting poison in their food.

The little degenerate, who seemingly has no conception of right or wrong, is one of a family of fifteen children residing in San Diego county. Conditions were such in the family life of the Mallards as to attract the attention of charitable people. Finally, Mrs. Ward became conversant with the sad life of the little girl and took her to her home, at 141 West Twenty-third street. There Gladys was treated as if she was a daughter, and everything was done to make her happy. She was sent to day school and Sunday school, and both Mr. and Mrs. Ward helped her with her lessons at night and secured a music teacher for her.

The child was singularly blessed by obtaining a home and place in the affections of such kindly people, but she did not realize it. She was willing that they should die in order that she could "enjoy seeing them suffer."

A week ago the Wards entertained five guests at luncheon. Strawberries were served for dessert, and the peculiar flavor was commented upon. Shortly after eating the berries, the entire party became deathly ill, and physicians were called to attend them.

While Mr. Ward and the ladies were writhing in pain Gladys tripped gaily about the house, singing and in a merry mood. The medical men, after pronouncing the victims out of danger, concluded that there must have been some Paris green on the berries.

The following day the Wards had another lady caller and she was invited to dinner. Among other things asparagus was served and tea poured for those at the table. The visitor



DOPING THE STRAWBERRIES.

drank a little of the tea and called attention to its strange taste. Mr. Ward remarked that he could drink it all, and suggested that a cup of tea would strengthen his wife, who was weak from the effects of the poison of the day before. The asparagus dressing also attracted their attention.

A few moments after drinking of the tea and eating some asparagus Mrs. Ward was seized with acute pains. The lady fainted and was no sooner taken to a sofa than Mr. Ward and the visitor felt the effects of poison.

Suspicion was fixed on Gladys, although Mr. and Mrs. Ward were loath to believe that she was intentionally guilty. The child was questioned and told such deliberate lies that all who heard her were shocked. Gladys would not tell the truth, however, and it was determined to take harsh measures. A policeman was summoned and even his threats of imprisonment could not move the child. Finally the officer placed handcuffs on her wrists and she did not appear to care. When she was taken by the policeman as far as the fact Gladys told him, in a matter of fact way, that if he would take her back she would tell.

Then Gladys stated that she had found the poison in the pantry and had put some on the berries. Afterward she put what was left in a package of tea. When she noticed the cream from which the asparagus dressing was made she put some of the poisoned tea in the cream and skimmed off the leaves that floated to the surface. She knew that the poison was deadly and admitted that she had tried it on cats and dogs and wanted to see how it affected human beings. Gladys, without a sign of regret, told Mrs. Ward that she knew poison would kill and that she expected them to die. She had no reason for wishing the death of her benefactors other than to see them suffer.

Fish in a Boiling Lake.
It is seldom that one sees a boiled fish alive, yet there are such in the boiling lake of Amatitlan, Guatemala. A species of fish was lately seen there by M. Marcellin Pellet, a French traveler. These fish, he asserts, often pass days in the boiling water, which comes from numberless hot springs.

Victim of Collar Button.
The elusive collar button caused a serious mishap to Fred Dell, aged 55, of Columbus, O. He fell from a Livingston avenue car. His collar button broke and one piece ruptured his wind pipe.

NICE JOB FOR BARRETT.

Well-Known Orientalist Appointed United States Minister to the Argentine Republic.

Announcement has been made of the appointment of John Barrett, of Oregon, as the United States minister to the Argentine Republic, in place of Mr. William P. Lord, of Oregon, who has filled the office since October, 1899. Mr. Barrett is now in Washington, having recently returned from a successful visit to China, Japan, the Philippines and other oriental countries in the interests of the Louisiana Purchase exposition. The mission to Argentina pays \$10,000 a year.

Born in Vermont in 1866, Mr. Barrett has been a resident of Oregon for many years. He is a graduate of Dartmouth



HON. JOHN BARRETT.
(Just Appointed American Minister to Argentine Republic.)

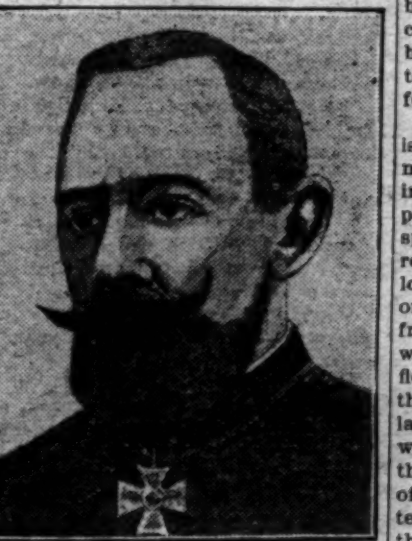
college, of the class of 1889. In 1894 he was appointed United States minister to Siam, and successfully negotiated the settlement of the well-known Cheek claim against that country, involving \$2,000,000 and important American treaty rights. He subsequently traveled extensively in China, Japan, India and the Philippines, investigating opportunities for American trade and commerce. In 1898 he relinquished his post as minister to Siam, but remained in the east as correspondent for various European and American papers. In 1901 he was appointed delegate of the United States to the international conference of the American republics in Mexico, and since 1902 has been traveling in the far east for the St. Louis exposition. Last December he was appointed United States minister to Japan, but declined in order to finish up his work with the St. Louis exposition. It is said at the state department that the Argentine mission became vacant by the resignation of the incumbent, Mr. William P. Lord.

CHIEF OF CONSPIRATORS.

Colonel Who Led the Serbian Assassins Was a Brother-in-Law of Queen Draga.

One of the most terrible features of the bloody drama played out in the royal palace of Belgrade, so recently, is that the chief of the band of assassins was a brother-in-law of the murdered queen. This person is Col. Maschin, whose brother, an engineer, was the first husband of Queen Draga.

Col. Maschin seems to have quarreled with his sister-in-law long before her marriage with King Alexander. Previously to that event he had served with some distinction both in the Serbian army and the Serbian diplomatic



COL. MASCHIN.
(Serbian Officer Who, It is Said, Killed Queen Draga.)

service. He was for a time military attaché at Vienna, and afterward Serbian minister at Cetinje. When his sister-in-law became queen he began to feel the effects of his quarrel with her. He lost all his appointments and fell into disgrace.

In revenge he seems to have used his influence to inflame his brother officers against the king and queen, and when the conspiracy against them was organized he was the chief mover. His activity was not confined to organizing the plot. All accounts of the tragedy agree in stating that he actually led the band of assassins and helped to slash and pistol the king and queen to death. According to one account he objected to the throwing of the dead bodies out of the windows of the palace, on the ground that it was "needless barbarity." The remark is characteristic of the man.

Col. Maschin is now minister of public works in the Serbian cabinet, and has been advanced considerably in the military service, when all the regicides received "pay" for their "patriotism."

Rug Weaving in Persia.
The best rugs of Persia represent patience, taste and prolonged labor. On each square foot of surface a weaver works about 23 days. A rug 12 by 15 feet would, therefore, require the labor of one man for 3,312 days, or over ten years, not counting Sundays.

WISEST OF MONKEYS.

A Chimpanzee of Rare Intelligence and Fine Manners.

He Lives in a Private Apartment Supplied with All Modern Conveniences—Not a Success as an Electrician.

There have been other monkeys who have worn dress suits, eaten at table with knife and fork, ridden bicycles, slept in beds, and all that sort of thing, but they have done these things usually at the end of a whip lash. But with Consul it is very different. Consul is a chimpanzee of rare intelligence. He enjoys whatever he is doing. He is a natural-born humorist, and a most precocious child of four years. At present he inhabits a spacious apartment in a Coney Island palace as the star boarder and bosom companion of Frank C. Boslock. His nature has endeared him to the hearts of all who have had the good fortune to know him.

Consul arrived at the port of New York recently, after a pleasant voyage across the ocean aboard the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. On his arrival he rode with his hat and suit cases gathered about him in his cab to his suite at a hotel.

Consul is only about three feet high, and his legs are so short that he has to fold up his fingers and walk on his knuckles when he drops to all fours. His lips are thin, but most extensive; when he smiles they reach from ear to ear. For one so young, he wears a fine set of side whiskers, which meet and disappear beneath his chin, but the rest of his face is fairly smooth. His nose is not noticeable, but there is a line, long upper lip. His ears are generous to a fault, and his forehead is so low that the tips of his ears, had they eyes, could see each other over the top of his head. He is rather sensitive about his large ears, and conceals the deformity under a spacious jockey cap, which he wears, even to bed.

Consul is very fond of children, especially the curly-haired boys of the



"GOOD MORNING!"
(Consul, Said to Be the Most Intelligent Monkey Living.)

Bostock family, and at the hotel in New York his chief delight was to outdo the little boys in turning somersets over the bed and landing on his feet on the floor beyond. These three had very happy times playing the children's game known as "follow the leader." Consul was the "leader," and the children tried to do everything he did, while Consul, after he performed, sat gravely on the bed and saw to it that they did it accurately. The children "followed" most acceptably, jumping down from the headboard on to the bed, over tables, chairs and trunks, but when it came to swinging from the chandelier and landing in a heap on the bed fully ten feet away, the children had to admit the superiority of the agile four-year-old.

As quickly as his apartment at Coney Island was ready for occupancy, Consul moved in. It consists of one large room in a corner of the palace, upon a raised platform, about 75 feet long. In that space are his gymnasium, his dining-room, his bedroom, his reception parlor and his private office—a box in one corner where he goes to sleep away from the prying eyes of the public. The whole is lighted by electric lights reflected by corrugated tin. Consul knows they are tin, because he went up the step ladder and the back of the electrician, who was standing on top of it, and tested the matter with his teeth. After a couple of tries, which resulted in nothing but teeth marks on the metal, he concluded that they were tin to look upon, but not good to eat, and came away gravely, much to the relief of the electrician. He learned, too, that electric bulbs conceal a great noise within themselves. He has been afraid of them ever since the time he threw one on the floor, and it exploded, throwing the fragments in a shower of glass all over him, the globe mysteriously disappearing in the noise. When that happened Consul's hair rose on his head and he retreated against the confines of his iron bars, a fit subject for a comic artist.

The only thing lacking in his apartment is a bathtub. But once every day his valet takes him down to the ocean front and gives him a bath in the surf. In order to avoid the crowd that operation is performed at night or just after daylight in the morning.

Sea Serpent Not a Myth.

The naturalist of the Belgian expedition lately told the Zoological society of France, that he believes the sea serpent to exist, and that it is not at all an imaginary creature of song and story. He says it is not a reptile, but a mammal of the order of the pinipeds, to which family the seals belong. In form it resembles somewhat the extinct plesiosaurs, attaining a length of 200 feet, and the head and neck being one-fourth of the length, the trunk one-fourth, and the tail one-half. It never approaches the coast except in pursuit of the fish on which it lives. The commander of a French torpedo boat, he says, chased a pair of the creatures in the China sea, and fired shells at them.

BEARS IN COLORADO.

An English Sportsman Says That Treeing Grizzlies Beats Baiting Tigers in India.

Colin C. Scott, of London, who has hunted tigers, elephants and other big game in both Asia and Africa, considers bear hunting in Colorado the most sporting he has ever enjoyed. He stopped off in Denver a few weeks ago on his way home from a trip around the world, and his friend, H. W. Throckmorton, volunteered to give him a taste of Rocky mountain big game. The globe trotter suggested that anything in the Colorado hills would probably be rather tame after Bengal tigers, but when the party returned from the White river country a few days ago, Mr. Scott admitted that he had been "shown" in proper Missouri fashion.



HUGE CINNAMON BEAR.
Treeed in an Aspen Tree, 35 Feet From the Ground.

Four bears that went over the mountain never came back again, although their hides were packed out, but their carcasses were fed to John Goff's pack of hounds, after the hunters had feasted on juicy steak.

Mr. Scott and Mr. Throckmorton, says the Denver Post, went to Meeker and engaged the services of John Goff, the guide of President Roosevelt, when he hunted in Colorado two years ago last winter. With Goff and his noted dogs they hunted the country between the White and Bear rivers for ten days. One morning the dogs trailed and captured a porcupine, and the sportsmen spent two hours picking quills from the dogs after the fight.

On the last day of the hunt the party followed the dogs on a bear trail for about two hours, and were about to give up when they heard a yelping in the distance, and knew that something was doing in the bear line. Mr. Throckmorton was skirting along the edge of a mesa, and after dragging his horse down the rock run, he rode a short distance when he met a big bear "biking" up the hill. He yelled and the bear turned and the dogs soon came up and followed the quarry, finally treeing him. The bear was in an open 35 feet from the ground, and Mr. Throckmorton was eager for a shot.

"If you think you can kill him, blast away," said Mr. Goff, "but if you only wound him he'll drop down and there will be a fight which is liable to make sausage of some of my dogs, and they are a valuable pack."

Mr. Throckmorton took careful aim and fired. The bear lurched and then stuck in the fork of the tree. Apparently he was a dead one. Mr. Throckmorton put his hunting knife in his mouth and climbed up, finding the bear dead. The branches were cut, and Bruin fell to the ground, when it was discovered that the shot had gone through his heart. The dogs had plenty of fresh meat, and the successful hunter had the skin of a 350-pound cinnamon bear to bring home as a trophy. Later in the season the bear would have weighed 700 pounds.

The other three bears killed on the trip weighed 435, 300 and 200 pounds respectively.

RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

Service Has Now Been Taken Out of Politics, Much to the Disgust of Spoils Seekers.

The entire rural free delivery service is to be taken out of politics. It will not hereafter form any part of federal



JOSEPH L. BRISTOW.
(Fourth Assistant Postmaster General of the United States.)

patronage. The suggestions of senators and representatives will carry more weight than those of ordinary citizens. Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow, with the full approval of Mr. Payne, with the fiscal year beginning has completely revolutionized the rural free delivery system. Congressional districts have been eliminated as factors in establishing new routes. States will hereafter form the unit on which the system is based.

It is impossible to overestimate the sensation Mr. Bristow's new policy will create. It will be antagonized by every senator and representative now in congress or who may hereafter be elected.

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Including Medical, Dental and Pharmaceutical Colleges.

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Boarding, laundry, furnished room steam heated, electric light, \$11.00 per month covers all expenses.

In appointments, cuisine service, and for the comfort of our students, this school is excelled by no negro institution in America.

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JERRY B. SULLIVAN.

Democratic Nominee for Governor of Iowa Is Said to Be an Orator of Rare Ability.

Jerry B. Sullivan, the nominee for governor on the democratic ticket, is a native Iowan. He was born in Mt. Pleasant in 1859 and with his parents moved to Afton, then the county seat of Union county, in 1873. He has since lived in Union county. He removed to Creston after some years at Afton and attended school there. He studied law with Judge McDill, formerly United States senator. He was admitted to the bar in 1881 and has been in the practice of law in Creston since 1882. His law firm is Sullivan & Sullivan, his partner being E. F. Sullivan, who, however, is not a relative. Mr. Sullivan was for three years city attorney of Creston and was for six years a member of the Creston school board. He is prominent in the Knights of Columbus, is a member of the Elks and is state president of the A. O. U. Mr. Sullivan was married in 1886. It has recently been

A valuable as well as an interesting work is "Pharaoh's Decision in the action of wrong vs. right" by J. Leonard Henson.

This book is the answer in legal form and character to a work entitled "An Appeal to Pharaoh" written by an "unknown" and in the consideration of a decision made on the twelve (12) assignments of error, viz: 1st A Sectional union; 2d The Divisional lines; 3d The Continuing cause; 4th A Race Question; 5th The Negro's condition and Position; 6th Race Prejudice North and South; 7th Trilemma; 8th Radical Solution; 9th Reckonings of Number; 10th Reckonings of Cost; 11th Will he go? 12th Our Duty, is supported by the U. S. Supreme Court decisions, by the facts found in the Federalist, Madison's Papers, Jefferson's Works, Source Book of American History, the United States Constitution itself, and statistics as furnished by the Richmond Planet.

The Chicago Tribune and the twelfth census. There is much of historical fact, much about existing conditions, and much in aid of a true conception of the Negro's powers and possibilities.

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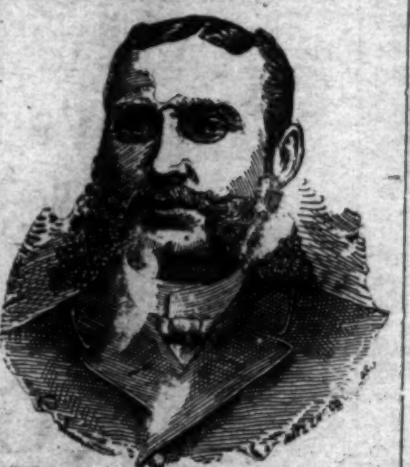
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Private waiting rooms for ladies and gentlemen. We make no charge for friendly talk or correspondence—everything strictly confidential. We will use you honestly, treat you skillfully and restore you to health in the shortest space of time, with the least medicine, discomfort and expense practicable.

A NEW BOOK.

A valuable as well as an interesting work is "Pharaoh's Decision in the action of wrong vs. right" by J. Leonard Henson.

This book is the answer in legal form and character to a work entitled "An Appeal to Pharaoh" written by an "unknown" and in the consideration of a decision made on the twelve (12) assignments of error, viz: 1st A Sectional union; 2d The Divisional lines; 3d The Continuing cause; 4th A Race Question; 5th The Negro's condition and Position; 6th Race Prejudice North and South; 7th Trilemma; 8th Radical Solution; 9th Reckonings of Number; 10th Reckonings of Cost; 11th Will he go? 12th Our Duty, is supported by the U. S. Supreme Court decisions, by the facts found in the Federalist, Madison's Papers, Jefferson's Works, Source Book of American History, the United States Constitution itself, and statistics as furnished by the Richmond Planet.

The Chicago Tribune and the twelfth census. There is much of historical fact, much about existing conditions, and much in aid of a true conception of the Negro's powers and possibilities.

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FAITHFUL INDIAN WIFE.

She Follows Her Husband to Jail at Portland, Ore., and Arrives There Penniless.

An Indian wife's attachment for her husband, who is lodged in the county jail at Portland, Ore., moved the heart of Jailer Jackson to pity, and she was harbored there until some arrangement could be made to care for her.

G. P. Howard, an Indian who had been picking strawberries at Hood river, was arrested on a charge of selling liquor to Indians. It is charged that he sold a pint bottle of alcohol to an Indian for 35 cents. He was brought to Portland at once. The wife, an Indian of the darkest hue, would not be separated from him in trouble, and came to Portland on the same boat. She did not make herself known to the officer in charge, but waited until he had been taken to jail. She then knocked for admission, and was met by Jailer Jackson.

"I want to see my husband," she said; "he is in jail here."

The jailer explained to her that she

could not stay with him and that she would have to go somewhere else.

"But I cannot," she argued. "I am alone, and do not know anyone. It took every cent that I had to pay my fare from Hood river to Portland, and there is no place for me to go."

The poor woman is in such a condition that she is not able to work, and scarcely able to be about, and the jailer was moved by her pleadings. She was taken in and given her meals and lodging.

WILLIAM ELLIS COREY.

New Executive Head of Steel Trust Began Business Life by Pushing a Wheelbarrow.

William E. Corey, who has been assistant to President Schwab, of the United States Steel corporation, and will be the active head of the big corporation, has been president of the Carnegie company and the Carnegie Steel

company since April, 1901. Mr. Corey is one of Mr. Carnegie's "30 young men."

Fifteen years ago he was pushing a wheelbarrow in the yards of one of the Carnegie mills in Braddock. He wheeled so much more iron in a day than the men at his elbow that he was soon made foreman over them. Then his employer noticed that he got three times as much work out of his men as the other foremen, and at the same time the men worked harder without any grumbling, and swore by their new and youthful boss. Corey was straightway picked out by Mr. Carnegie as a promising, valuable acquisition, and given constantly widening opportunities.

He worked hard, studied at night to improve his public school education, and in time became an expert chemist and an armor plate authority. He was made superintendent of this mill, and that department, and invariably increased the output. He was born at Braddock, Pa., in 1866.

Country of Farm Gates.

Gates at frequent intervals bar the country roads in Norway, and are a nuisance to travelers, who have to leave their vehicles and open the barriers. These obstructions mark the boundaries of farms, or separate the cultivated sections from the waste lands.

Exchange of Views.

Smilkins—The great trouble with chronic bores is that a fellow never knows what to do with them.

Timkins—Oh, I know what to do with them, all right enough, but I'm usually afraid to do it.—Chicago Daily News.

A Request.

Misses—Didn't you hear me ring before?

Maid—I kind of thought I did, ma'am; but I wasn't sure.

Well, next time, please, give me the benefit of the doubt.—Puck.

Miss Hattie Ross will visit New York in August.

Miss Lizzie Scott will spend her vacation in Virginia.

Mr. Albert Adams has been indisposed for several days.

Miss Lula V. Smith will visit New York City this month.

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Mr. J. T. Newman will leave in a few days for Atlantic city, N. J.

Miss Maud Stewart of Le Droit Park is summering at Hampton, Va.

Miss Blanche Lewis will leave the city August the first for Virginia.

Miss Emma McGinnis is attending the summer school at Hampton, Va.

Miss Blanche Corder will spend the month of August in Summit Point, W. Va.

Mrs. Maria Middleton and her two younger children returned from Va., Saturday.

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Rev. Robert Johnson and wife are at Summit Point, W. Va. Dr. Johnson is not so well.

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Mrs. Mattie Sumby will spend the month of August in Richmond, Va., with friends.

Miss Ida Cuntze will spend the month of August in Baltimore and Philadelphia.

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Miss Emma Lewis is sojourning at West Medford Mass. the guest of her friend Miss Blanche Washington.

Mrs. Maud Fillmore Mitchell will leave for Richmond, Va. to remain a month with friends and relatives.

Misses Georgie, Emma and Edna Lucas of E street, southwest, are visiting relatives in Richmond, Va.

Miss Beatrice Smith of South Washington has entered the Freedmen's Hospital as a trained nurse. Miss Smith will no doubt be a success in her new profession.

Misses Lenora and May Ella Randolph are among several ladies who will go to New York City and Niagara Falls next month.

Miss Roxey Brooks of Danville, Va. is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Y. D. Peters of 415 First st. S. W. Miss Brooks is the principal of the Presbyterian Parochial School at Danville.

Mr. Henry P. Slaughter, President of the Pen and Pencil Club, entertained Judge Robert H. Richardson, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Liberia and President of Liberia College, Tuesday evening at his residence.

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By Miss May Clematis.

Girls should learn how to protect themselves.

Annie. If you act properly you will be protected.

Avicio. Do not allow your male company to act too free in your company.

Nora. Too much familiarity often results in separation.

Lucinda. You cannot help from succeeding, because you know how to act.

Dina. Do not speak ill of any one in shows that you are either jealous or vicious.

Ella. Flashy dressing betrays your birth. It directs vulgar attention to you.

Jay. If you will take the advice of your mother you will hardly go astray.

Tilly. Your dancing school should be select. You cannot afford to be careless. Select them if you want to succeed.

M. M. You should remember that a girl must have good qualities if she wants to be admired. To succeed in life you must be able to be an up to date house woman. You must have more qualities than one. Do not marry if you know nothing about house work.

J. M. Do not imagine that fine dresses will carry you through the world. They may assist you in getting through but you should have other qualities.

L. T. Be truthful by all means, because you will command respect from your associates.

A. T. Nothing is more lovely in a girl than to see her respect herself.

R. H. Long courtships are dangerous and if you will consult observation you will be convinced.

Nella. You cannot hope to be respected if you do not respect yourself. Do not even show too much anxiety in anything. Be slow to come to a conclusion. Always weigh well what you say or do.

Sadie. It is wrong to dislike one because others do. Be certain that you are convinced of the truthfulness of the statement before you decide. Some girls are very childish and will believe anything that is said to them.

B. O. First be convinced whether you are to be benefited before you decide. It is useless to do an act if it is to your detriment.

Roda. Now that your school days have come to a close, put your time to some useful occupation. Work is honorable no matter what kind it is.

L. E. You are going away for the summer. You want to know what is best to do. It is better for you to go to some quiet country place and rest up. You cannot afford to participate in the gaieties of life if you expect to resume school work in the fall. Your health will not permit you. Take a good rest.

Eita. You may be all you say, but you have a poor way of showing it. You should not do what you do not desire others to do. Set the example and then if it is not followed you should act.

Do not talk too much.

Be careful what you say about those you know.

Say nothing that you cannot substantiate.

If speaking well of those you do not like will not effect you but help you, do so.

Your sister is a good companion for you. They cannot often agree, it is true.

Do not marry too young and do not marry at all if you cannot better your condition. Marry for better or for worse belongs to the old generation. New ages call for new and better things.

Do not marry because others do or because for the sake of marrying. The results are bad.

If you are doing well, don't attempt anything else if you cannot improve the situation.

Let your conversation be of a high moral character, and then you will have no cause to insult any one.

Don't go to saloons and participate in anything that will reflect on your morals.

Girls are talked about because they are careless.

A girl that will suspicion her companion should be careful herself unless she is suspicious.

It is bad to talk about another girl because you don't like her.

Don't imagine that a girl is thinking more of herself than other people think of her because she respects herself.

Don't be so foolish to believe everything a person says to you or tell you it is best to weigh all that is told to you before you come to a conclusion.

Flattery is the characteristic of a deceptive heart and mind.

Be careful and don't allow others to play upon your weakness.

One may speak well of you or to you without deception.

Girls who have articles for this column are requested to send them by Wednesday of each week. The effort of the Editor of this column is to please and not displease, merely to give hint to girls.

TRIED TO ROAST CHILD.

Human Father Thru His Baby In to the Oven of a Red-Hot Cooking Stove.

At Scranton, Pa., says a recent dispatch, Anthony Phillips was arraigned in court on the charge of trying to roast alive his six-months-old child. He was given a hearing on the first two charges because the officers who arrested him could give no testimony as to his condition, but on the charge of cremation he could not be held, as the person who made the accusation, his wife, did not appear in court to prosecute him.

The wife's story, as told to the police, is that the husband came home about



MOTHER SPRANG TO THE STOVE.

noon in an advanced state of intoxication. He demanded his son's wages, and upon his wife refusing to hand over the money she claims that he seized the babe in his arms and thrust it into the oven of the red-hot stove. The mother sprang to the stove, pushed her drunken husband aside and removed the child, whose garments were smoking and burning. She extinguished the flames and found that the child had fortunately escaped injury except for slight burns on the arms.

Meanwhile police headquarters had been notified of the trouble and the patrol wagon was sent to the house with Mounted Officer Huntington and Patman Jöhler on board. Phillips was bundled into the wagon and his wife promised to appear in police court in the afternoon to give testimony against her husband. She spent the morning around headquarters, but failed to show up in court, apparently having weakened in her determination to prosecute her husband. He was fined \$10 and costs for intoxication.

THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

How a Diplomatic Woman Finished a Row She Had Been Having with Her Husband.

The other evening, as a muscular person was passing a house, a lady who stood at the gate called out to him: "Sir, I appeal to you for protection!"

"What's the matter?" he asked, as he stopped short.

"There's a man in the house, and he wouldn't go out of doors when I ordered him to."

"He wouldn't, eh? We'll see about that." Thereupon the man gave the woman his coat to hold and sailed into the house. He found a man at the supper-table and took him by the neck and remarked: "Nice style of brute you

"MY WIFE'S HOLDING YOUR COAT."

are, eh? Come out of this, or I'll break every bone in your body."

The man fought, and it was not until a chair had been broken and the table upset that he was hauled out of doors by the legs and given a fling through the gates.

"Now, then, you brass-faced old tramp, you move on, or I'll finish you!" "Tramp! tramp!" shouted the victim, as he got up. "I'm no tramp! I own this property and live in this house!"

"You do?"

"Yes, and that's my wife holding your coat."

"Thunder!" whispered the muscular man, as he gazed from one to the other, and realized that it was the wife's method of finishing a row she had been having with her husband. And then he made a grab for his coat and disappeared into the darkness.

Healthy Kentucky Family.

A healthy family is that of Lewis and Virginia Green, of Bell county, Ky. He is 93, and she is one year younger. They were married 73 years ago, and still occupy the house they went to as bride and groom. They have ten children, the youngest of whom is 43 years of age. There has never been a death in the family, and very little sickness.

FORTY BIG AIRSHIPS.

All Will Take Part in the Coming Races at Paris.

Contests to Be Presided Over by Santos-Dumont - All Working for the Solution of Secret of Avian Flight.

The airship races which are to take place in Paris during the coming summer will mark an epoch in dirigible balloon building. The most famous aeronauts in the world, headed by Santos-Dumont, will gather together in the French capital and there engage in a series of interesting test matches to decide which among their number has come nearest to a correct solution of the secrets of avian flight. Santos-Dumont will launch three new vessels, any one of which, he is convinced, will prove a dangerous rival to those of Tour, the Lebaudy, the Spencers and other well-known aeronauts.

By general desire M. Santos-Dumont is to be the president of these airship races, and he is taking an infinitude of trouble to insure their perfect success. His airship station, the first of the kind, is now well forward in construction, and when completed will be one of the most interesting buildings in the world. The huge barn, as he calls it, is divided into seven sections, or stalls, each capable of housing the biggest airship ever built.

Three of these sections will be occupied by M. Santos-Dumont's own vessels, but the remaining four will be at the service of any fellow aeronaut who desires temporary accommodation for his ship. Each section will be furnished with double doors opening outward, and the method which the inventor intends to adopt in releasing the airship is novel and ingenious. Running out from each "stall" will be a single line of rails, some 300 yards long, bearing a substantially built truck. From the stern and bows of the airship strong ropes will connect



M. SANTOS-DUMONT. (Brazilian Aeronaut Who Will Preside Over Paris Races.)

the vessel to this truck, which will be held in position by four men.

On the race days the doors will be flung open and each truck with the airship attached, run out and made to "toe the line," so that the vessels will have equal chances of winning. At a given signal the aeronauts will cast off and the fight for the mastery of the air will begin. There will be no crowding, each vessel having plenty of room, so that the chances of a false start will be reduced to a minimum.

It is at these Parisian races that M. Santos-Dumont will compete with M. Lebaudy in the fight for the 100,000-franc prize. M. Lebaudy will sail his famous "Yellow One," a large vessel capable of carrying three people. His opponent, however, intends to try a smaller vessel, and will sail with one assistant only. Both aeronauts are confident of success, and the race is looked forward to as one of the most exciting in the annals of ballooning.

It is not known yet how many airships will take part in these races, but in Paris alone there are at present building, or already built, no fewer than 14 first-class vessels. M. Dumont is now booking entries from all parts of Europe, and he confidently expects that the number of dirigible balloons competing will amount to something not far short of 40.

Among those vessels already entered for the races are the Rose, the biggest airship in the world; La Ville de Paris, a vessel similar in construction and shape to those built by M. Dumont; the famous Firmin Bousson "bottle-shaped" balloon; the General Tour, built by the son of the well known soldier; and the National.

M. Santos-Dumont is also busy superintending the building of what will be the biggest airship in the world, bigger even than the Rose. It is furnished with four wicker baskets, each of which will hold three persons. There are to be three decks and for stability it will not have its equal in the air. At least, that is what the inventor claims for it. The supposition that M. Santos-Dumont would have found some difficulty in persuading a dozen people to trust their lives in the new ship would be but nature, but such is the craving for excitement in these days that he has already received the names of over a hundred volunteers who desire to make the first trip in this monster balloon.

Coal in the United States.

T. K. Adams, a mine inspector of Mercer county, Pennsylvania, says that the last lump of coal will be mined in the United States in the year 2052. He said there is about enough coal in the United States to last 700 years at the present rate of consumption, but points out that the demand doubles every 16 years, and should the ratio be continued, the coal will be exhausted within the next 150 years.

MISSED HIS ENGAGEMENT.

John Chinaman Was Shrewd and Wily, But Could Not Escape from Police Clutches.

New York papers report that some days ago a squad of Manhattan police raided a fan tan game in Chinatown. Eleven Chinamen were captured and kept in a third-story front room in charge of Detective Drenan until the patrol wagon came for them. While they were waiting for the wagon one of the prisoners said to Drenan: "Me got to go. Me got velly important engagement."

"I suppose so," said the detective,



"but you've got a more important engagement at the police station."

The Chinaman begged like a good fellow, but Drenan was obdurate.

"Me give you five dollars if you let me go," the prisoner finally whispered.

"No use, John. Even if I let you out of the room," said the detective, "the police would catch you at the lower door. They are guarding that."

As quick as a flash the Chinaman answered: "That's all right. You let me out, me go upstairs, get out on roof, and go down other building. Police no catch me."

"Can't do it, John," Drenan persisted. "They've got you prisoners all counted. If I turn over only ten I'll have troubles of my own."

"Me fix that," the Chinaman answered, without a moment's hesitation.

"Me go to window, call a Chinaman friend up from street. When he come to this door you pull him in and I run out. See? You have eleven prisoners all same, and police can't tell one Chinaman from other."

But, notwithstanding his cunning, John had to go to the station, and his "velly important engagement" was broken.

PET ANGORA'S FUNERAL.

Mrs. Grover's Sole Companion Buried in Cat and Dog Cemetery at Hartdale, N. Y.

In an ornate casket, silk-lined and heaped with flowers, a pet Angora cat was buried in the cat and dog cemetery at Hartdale, N. Y. For several years it had been the sole companion of Mrs. Bertha Grover, a widow.

Mrs. Grover's pet was a beautiful creature, and during its lifetime of eight or nine years it had won several prizes at cat shows in this city.

While watching some sparrows while it was seated in the front window of the third floor of the house last Tues-



THE PET ANGORA'S FINISH.

day the Angora lost its balance and fell to the street.

Mrs. Grover, who had seen her pet fall, ran downstairs and found it lifeless on the sidewalk. She picked it up and sent for a veterinary surgeon, who had considerable difficulty in convincing her that the cat was dead.

An undertaker was summoned and told to make a pretty casket for the dead pet.

The order was executed to the letter, and the widow drove to Hartdale as the sole mourner, with the little casket in her carriage.

Luckiest Chap in Texas.

What may be called the "falling sickness" is having some sport with John Chapman, of Galena, Tex. He fell down a shallow shaft at the Blind Tiger mine, and dislocated his shoulder. On reaching home he fell down the cellar stairs, and the jar knocked his shoulder into place again. The next morning he was able to go to work as usual.

Famous Bell Is Cracked.

There is great grief at Rouen, France, where the famous bell known as "Rouvel," which, for an uninterrupted period of 600 years, has rung the curfew, has just exhibited a serious crack. It is feared that repairs are impossible, and that the bell will never ring again.

-Hair Restorer-

All who are desirous of having a beautiful suit of hair, or if your hair is falling out, you should get a bottle of Hairline, better known as the Renowned Hair Restorer Oriental Complexion Cream, which cures all skin diseases and makes the skin like velvet. Price, 25c to 75c per bottle.

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Glaciers.

The problem of piercing a glacier by means of boring has at last been solved with results of real scientific interest in experiments made last August on a glacier near Vent, in the Tyrol. At a distance of about one and a quarter miles from the tip of the glacier where its breadth is 2,130 feet and the height of its surface above sea level 8,530 feet, a boring in the middle reached rock at a depth of 500 feet. Taken along with measurements of rate of movement, surface melting and temperature, the experiment enabled the following conclusions to be drawn: First—the temperature of the ice is at the melting point throughout the whole mass on the tongue of the glacier. Second—the bed of the glacier is trough-shaped. Third—the ice moves more slowly at the bottom than at the surface. The bore holes were filled up with pieces of wood, which will serve for many years to come as indexes of the rate of movement and of surface melting.—N. Y. Sun.

Medical Bubbles.

Doctors have invented a new form of bubble. Neuralgia, sciatica and lumbago are known to be affections of the ends of the nerves which lie just under the skin of the painful region. It has been discovered that by injecting air under the skin the ends of the nerves are lengthened and the pain relieved. The bubble of air is pressed by the fingers and caused to move about until all parts are relieved. In dislocations, fractures and bruises the same treatment has given relief.—London Globe.

Prince Albert Winked.

Half a century ago Mrs. Alcott, the American authoress, wrote the following about Albert Edward, prince of Wales, now King Edward of England: "He is a yellow-haired laddie, very like his mother. Fanny and I waved and nodded to him as he passed by, and he openly winked his boyish eye at us, for Fanny, with her yellow curls and wild waving, looked rather rowdy, and the poor little prince wanted some fun."—Cleveland Leader.

Judged by Modern Standard.

"A magnificent work, his latest story, you say?"

"Magnificent! Why, it's the finest story that has been published this century."

"Indeed? What's the general idea?"

"Oh, half-morocco, gold or uncut edges, cloth edition, finished in four colors, with illuminated pages to every chapter."—Baltimore News.

Quick Tanning Process.

By a new Dutch process it is claimed that a moist hide can be turned into leather ready for the saddler's or shoemaker's use in from two to three days, while by following the usual method of preparation it takes about six months.—Leather Journal.

Something Lacking.

"I haven't seen you in your new automobile yet, Mrs. Noorox," said Mrs. Fosdick.

"No," replied Mrs. Noorox, "we haven't been out much. Mr. Noorox doesn't know how to run the machine, and he hasn't been able to hire a good chauffeur yet."—Detroit Free Press.

Enough Said.

In a letter to a friend in Atlanta a rural youngster wrote:

"Last Tuesday dad bought a young mule that was not broke. Dad tried to teach the mule how to pull a wagon. The mule is still with us."—Atlanta Constitution.



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A Compliment.

"I can't understand why a woman of her age should care for the kind of clothes she affects."

"Why, I don't think there's anything radically wrong with her clothes. Of course they might be a little more becoming if she were two or three years younger, but, you know, we can't all be your age, Mrs. Kazammas. Still, I don't blame you for objecting to it when she copies your styles so closely."—Chicago Record-Herald.

City Items.

Mr. T. H. Quarles, formerly of this city, is here on a visit. He is now connected with the secret service in New York.

Rev. W. H. Snowden of Louisville, Ky., is in the city and will preach at the Metropolitan Zion Church, D St., S. W., Sunday evening.

Mr. Lewis H. Douglas, who has been quite ill for some time is able to be out again greatly to the gratification of his many friends.

Capt. J. E. Hamlin of North Carolina is in the city. He is looking well and speaks encouragingly of the progress of the people in his state. He stated that Exrecorder Cheatham has a large farm in Littleton and is making money.

Death of Mr. Lucas.

A large and sympathetic congregation turned out Sunday at the Vermont Avenue Baptist Church to witness the last sad rites over the body of Mr. Solomon Lucas whose funeral took place from the above named church, Sunday, July 19, 1903. Mr. Lucas was a member of said church, having been connected with it since his infancy. That Mr. Lucas was a Christian gentleman, well beloved and respected by all in the community in which he resided, was demonstrated by the many beautiful floral tributes that covered his casket. He was a member of the True Reformers and a goodly number turned out to do honor to the occasion. He leaves surviving him five children, Robert H., Thomas, Minnie A., Louise A., and Lottie Lucas.

The Grand Army of the Republic, the Soldiers and Sailors' Union, the Spanish war veterans, with the relief corps and other auxiliary bodies, and the soldiers and sailors in general will be present Sunday afternoon, July 26 at 4:30 o'clock, at Israel C. M. E. church corner 1st and B sts. S. W., at a service of song and speech rendered by the choir of that church in their honor. An elaborate program of music has been prepared by Lieut. L. H. White of the Chas. Young command, S. W. V., director of the choir. Solos will be rendered by Prof. J. T. Layton, Dr. J. E. Ratley and Mr. A. K. Brodie. Ten-minute addresses will be delivered by Hon. J. G. Dancy, Recorder of deeds and by Lieut. T. H. R. Clark of the Chas. Young command, S. W. V. and an original poem will be read by Lieut. R. E. Toomey. The general public are invited to be present. A silver offering will be taken at the door.

Bay Ridge Season.

Open June 13. Liberal concessions to Sunday Schools, Societies, and Organizations. Fordats and terms apply to S. B. Hege, District Passenger agent, B. & O. R. R. 707 15th St. J.

Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Hourly Passenger Train Service between Washington and Baltimore.

From New Jersey Ave., and C St., "every hour on the hour" 7:00 a. m. to 8 p. m. Returning, from Baltimore in like manner.

Fished for Rats in Sewer.

Some boys in Paris were seen to enter the main sewer on the left bank of the Seine by one of the barred outlets to that river. A policeman followed them, and found them seated by the edge of the current, fishing for rats with a strong line and hook, the latter baited with a morsel of bacon, partially fried. They explained that they sold the skins of rats at from 10 to 30 sous each, according to size, for manufacturing into "kid" gloves for ladies.

No Change in Fish Hooks.

The fishhooks used to-day are of precisely the same form as those of 2,000 years ago. The only difference is in the material; then they were made of bronze, now they are of steel.

PEOPLE'S

New Dairy Lunch

308 12th Street, N. W.

BILL OF FARE

Drip Coffee.....	3 cts
Tea.....	3 cts
Milk.....	3 cts
Pie.....	3 cts
Soup of all kinds.....	3 cts
Sandwiches.....	3 cts
Cocoa.....	5 cts
Baked Beans.....	5 cts
Frankfort Sausage.....	5 cts
Fried Liver.....	5 cts
Fried Onions.....	5 cts
Fried Bacon.....	5 cts
Beef Stew.....	5 cts
Fried Potatoes.....	5 cts
Country Sausage.....	5 cts
Milk Toast.....	10 cts
Steak.....	10 cts
Ham and Eggs.....	15 cts
Fried Chicken.....	10, 15 and 25 cts
Oysters—all popular brands	
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Good 6 room house bath, cellar, to foot alley, T street northwest between 14th and 15th, lot 16 x 100, houses in good condition; owner will sell for \$500 less than asked for surrounding property. Price \$3,050, \$300 cash, balance \$20 per month.

Third and Elm street near V two neat 6 room and bath, pressed bricks, good lots, will sell at very close price with \$100 as first payment and \$20 per month for balance.

M street near 23rd, 6 room pressed brick, bath, cellar, etc., in good condition, \$3,500, \$20 cash, and \$25 per month will make it yours.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

MOST WORSHIPFUL EUREKA GRAND Lodge of F. & A. Ancient York Masons in and for the District of Columbia on the Continent of North America.

Prince Hall (compact) has just closed a long and important session and starts out very favorable for the new year. Visiting brothers are respectfully requested to call on the Grand Master, Col. R. D. Goodman 917 4th street n.w. for information about the craft. Please bring financial card of your Lodge.

J. E. Williams, M. D.
M. W. Grand Sect.
106 F St., S. W.

To whom it may concern:—I hereby give notice that on and after July 15, 1903, I will not be responsible for any obligations entered into, or debts which may be contracted by my wife, Sarah Robertson, now residing at 829 New Hampshire Avenue, Northwest, and all persons are hereby warned that on and after said date I will pay no bills or debts which she may contract.

Samuel A. Robertson,
505 D Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

National Ex-Slave Congress. Memphis, Tenn., July 24-26, 1903. Under the auspices of the N. I. Council of America. Reduced rates have been granted on all rail roads in the United States. This is a chance for tourists to see the great father of waters, the Great Mississippi.

Particulars write, Stanley P. Mitchell, Pres., 503 D St., N. W. P. S.—34 states will be represented. Delegates will come from 1400 Councils. A Commissioner will be elected to wait upon King Edward of England.

J. E. MCGRAW.

The manager of the Puritice company, Mr. J. E. McGraw, in the K. St. market no doubt makes the best ice in the city. He also has a large coal yard on L street and he is determined to see that the thousands of more customers who patronize him are well treated this winter. The success of his large ice plant is due to the support of his loyal customers. Mr. McGraw is one of the most accommodating men in this city. The readers of The Bee and the people in this city should not fail to use the ice made by his company and when they want coal and wood go where they can obtain them at a reasonable price. Look out for The Bee next week on Mr. McGraw.

FACTS DISCLOSED THAT THE PIONEER BICYCLIST

In this city was an Afro-American

The subject of the bike is one that admits of a thousand combinations and this leads to the article that appeared in one of the Sunday papers. It spoke of the pioneer wheelman, an aged Virginian who used to ride a machine, as low as the one that is now universal, made of wood entirely. It had tin tires and a springless seat. In one of our Chestnut St. Windows, a short time since, there was shown the evolution of the wheel. The first was something like the one I have just pictured, the second a great high affair and the third with several later day improvements. The article referring to the "Father of Wheeling," said, he introduced it into America and popularized it. This occurred in 1870. This caption leads up to a lot of ancient history right here in our old and conservative Quakerdom. I am pushing my pencil with a circular before me dated 1868, wherein is printed, "to those desiring to learn to ride a bicycle, may find an opportunity by coming to Liberty Hall, where Samuel R. Watts, late of Europe and later of Boston, is a colored man," and as he has had a machine on the market and was teaching in 1868 it is obvious that he was the pioneer, the hoary Virginian to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Watts has since become a successful M. D. and in active practice in Washington, D. C. besides holding a professorship in the Howard University Medical Department. So bike teaching was merely a stepping stone to higher things. A photograph of the wheel 28 years ago shows the tremendous development between that time and this. I write this to gainsay the claim of priority on the part of the Virginian just about quoted, and to bring up an old time happening, so as to show to the young of now that there was some enterprise in the days before they first saw the light. The wheel is no longer an experiment.

WARM WELCOME TO NEGRO DOC. OR.

Millionaires Entertain Him At Their Homes.

From the Newport News, Va. Times Herald. Newport, R. I., July 17.—Gordon McKay, the millionaire shoe manufacturer, has a negro physician. McKay had for his physicians Mr. William T. Bull and Mr. Thomas F. Kenefick, of New York, but as they did not succeed in restoring him to health they called into consultation Dr. George Wheatland.

Under Wheatland's treatment McKay recovered, and now he is so grateful that he has the negro doctor as one of his most frequent callers at his villa, although now he is quite well again. Not long after the McKay affair Geo. W. Weid, a Boston millionaire became ill and he, too, sought the services of Wheatland. Again the negro doctor was so effective that he was promptly introduced into the social set of the Weids and is a frequent visitor at their house.

LAWYER HART ACQUITTED.

Wanted to Mob Him.

Attorney Wm. H. Hart, who conducts the Hart school for boys below Fort Washington appeared in the Police court Monday morning as counsel and defendant in a case charging him with an assault on Policeman Dorsey. After examining the government witnesses, Officers Dorsey, Manaway and Hartman, who testified that Hart had struck Dorsey without provocation, Hart took the stand and gave his version of the affair.

According to this statement, he and a young colored lad, an inmate of his school boarded a car at the foot of seventh st. about 1:30 Monday night. The steamer had just arrived from River View and a number of excursionists got on the car at the same time, among them the officers, who were in citizens clothes. Hart alleged that after the car started, Officer Dorsey, who was sitting in the seat behind him, amused himself by striking at the boy on the ears. When Hart turned to remonstrate, Dorsey made a move to strike him, and in attempting to defend himself his hand slipped and he struck Dorsey in the face. The other officers then took a hand in the affair and he claims he was rather roughly handled.

Mr. Hart also said that an officer suggested to take him to the sidewalk and mob him. This evidence was corroborated by the boy and Judge Mill dismissed the prisoner. Major Sylvester intends to investigate the affair.

A WORTHY PROMOTION.

Merit Always Wins.

In the recommendation of Col. G. C. Griffin, chief of the Record division of the Pension office, Mr. H. H. H. was promoted last week to \$1,000. Col. Griffin is one of the most competent chiefs in the Pension office and a man who always recognizes merit in all classes of clerks be they white or black. It is more than gratifying to the host of friends of Mr. Livingston to know that Commissioner Ware, 1st deputy Commissioner Davenport and Col. Griffin are fully aware of the injustice that has been done Mr. Livingston and also being perfectly satisfied and convinced that he was worthy to be promoted they did not hesitate, as they have given the colored clerk full credit wherever and whenever an opportunity would permit it and if he deserved it. There have been more promotions of colored clerks by the gentlemen than by any of their predecessors.

Commissioner Ware is a matter of fact man and believes in the merit system. Col. Davenport knows a man by the color of his skin. He is a simple pure republican and popular with everybody. Col. Griffin is a man in whom you can place confidence. If you are entitled to consideration he will recommend you, be you black or white. The many hundred admirers of Mr. Livingston feel grateful to these gentlemen.

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Ladies' Solid Gold Rings, \$1, \$1.50, \$2.50 and \$3.50; worth twice the price;
Ladies' Genuine Diamond Rings, \$5 up to \$100; all of them gems.
Ladies' Solid Gold Lorgnettes, \$7 up to \$16; all the latest styles.
Ladies' Solid Gold Brooches, \$2.50 up to \$25.
Gents' Solid Gold Dumb-bell Sleeve buttons, \$3.50; a useful present.
Gents' 14k Gold-filled Chains, \$2.00 warranted for five years' wear.
Gents' Diamond Sleeve Buttons, \$5 up; a little gem in each button
Gents' Diamond Studs, \$7.50 up.
Gents' Solid Gold Rings, with genuine stones, from \$4 up.
Solid Silver Thimbles, 25c.
Solid Silver Teaspoons, from \$4.00 hal dozen up.
Ladies' Silver Watches, \$4 and \$5

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